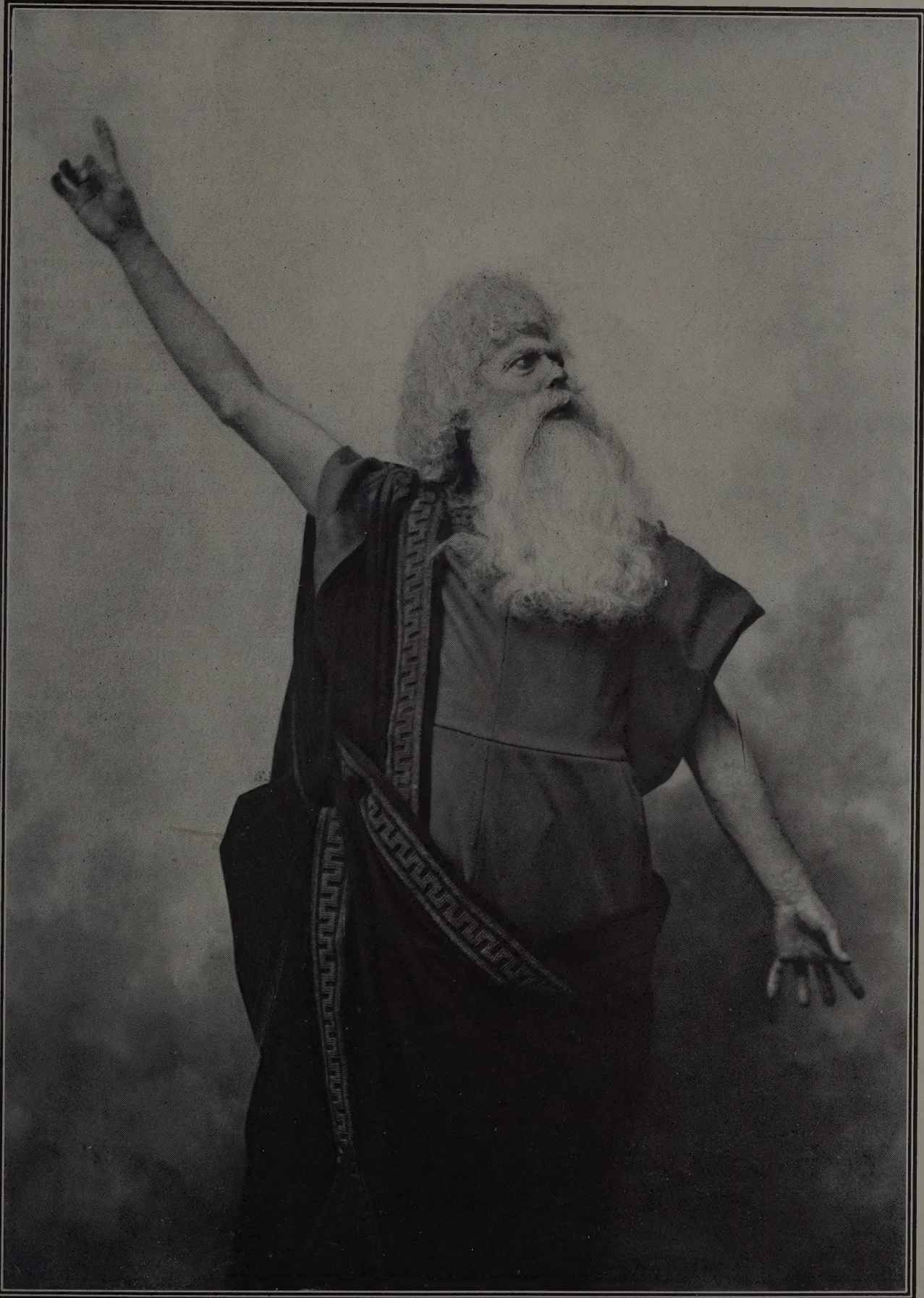


# THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor

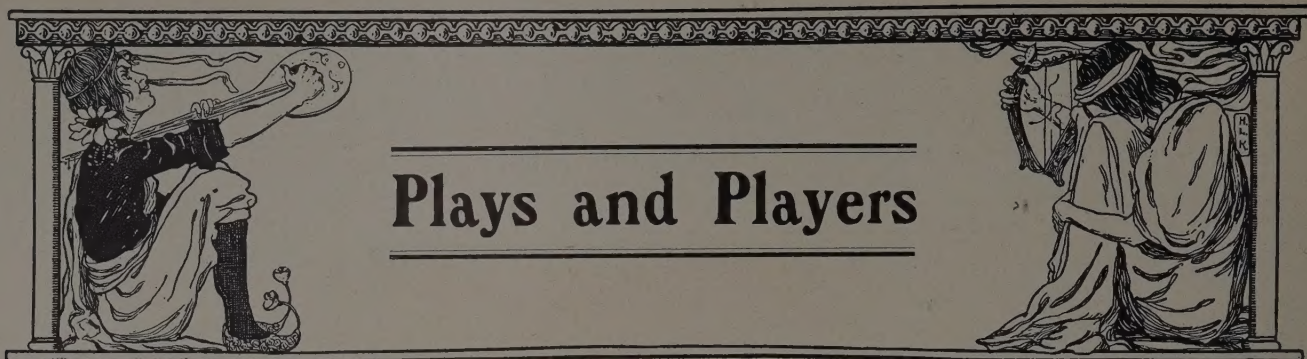


Otto Sarony Co.

ROBERT B. MANTELL AS KING LEAR

This well-known actor will continue to appear in this and other Shakespearian rôles next season





## Plays and Players

PINERO'S new comedy, "His House in Order," and a large number of other English plays will be produced in this country next season under the impression, distinctly entertained by the authors at least, that America is a literary province and practically a helpless dependency of Great Britain. This large opinion is not borne out by the facts. We shall always have foreign plays, but the time is even now when all alien plays combined do not outrank in number, popularity and profit those that spring from our soil. This is going to be more and more the case, and the manager who does not see the handwriting on the walls and the billboards is blind. It is not a question of the comparative technical excellence of the various nationalities concerned. It is a question of the point of view of life. If divergencies of opinion of this kind increase, the franchise of the foreign author will be practically taken away from him.

Our stage has already excluded the French play to the extent that French authors may look in vain for the large rewards still open to a few English dramatists. It is rare that Italy sends us anything that we approve. The German author is obstinate in his contention that his plays shall not be changed to meet our requirements and, in consequence, is getting less and less consideration. In matters of sentiment, social views, taste, morals and politics we are the province of no nation. The dramatic helplessness of America is a foreign delusion. It is also sometimes a personal delusion, as in the case of the man Shaw. The THEATRE has had occasion time and time again to point out the causes of the failure of play after play brought here by confident foreign actors who can see nothing but their own nationality and who disregard the artistic independence of this country. This independence is not an affectation or a perversity, but a fact. No American play dealing closely with American life has the slightest chance of even being understood abroad. It is not a matter of art at all. The universality of Art is nonsense when the material to which it is applied is unintelligible or unsympathetic. America has some understanding of other nations; other nations seem to have none whatever of

us. The result is that we are becoming more and more independent all the time. This should be as plain as day to all concerned. And yet cartloads of foreign plays will be dumped into the quicksands of American opinion next season, only to be swallowed up to destruction.

Two judges, with a third one dissenting, in the Court of Special Sessions in New York City, have acquitted Arnold Daly of violating Section 385 of the Penal Code in having produced George Bernard Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession." This section provides against any indecent and suggestive act on the part of any performer. The decision is on a technical point. Mr. Shaw may get such comfort from it as he can, but he will find that no technique, either of Law or Art, can cure defects of material and substance. If he retains the right to produce, the public will retain the right to reject, and may exercise it. It may be that no court can take into consideration, in passing upon a given play, the entire philosophy and all the blatant flauntings of it in his various plays, publications and utterances. But the public can. It can take care of itself. Statutes and codes are not needed for every offense. Here is a pseudo-anarchist who believes in no family tie (except for himself, perhaps), who proclaims free love, who preaches the seduction of our daughters by wholesale, not by means of wine suppers and "delicate" attentions, but by a false

philosophy of specious half-truths; and, if anybody is swept into the dustbin, it will not be the American public. If Mr. Shaw is under a delusion to the contrary, his delusion of grandeur may not be technically amenable to the law of the courts, but it will be to the law of public opinion.

Mr. Shaw lost no time in rushing into print directly he learned of the decision. Few authors understand the value of sensational newspaper advertising so well as he. This is what was cabled in his name to the New York Sun:

"The main thing is that the decision states that the exposure of the social evil may lead to social reform. Whatever other comments the Court passed does not matter to me so long as that principle is admitted. According to one paper



From the Sketch

BEERBOHM TREE AS COLONEL NEWCOME  
In the stage version of Thackeray's novel at His Majesty's, London



the Court deems the play disgusting. I shall continue to write similar disgusting things until some definite good is achieved.

"The entire blame for the agitation against 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' lies in the hands of the New York critics. Their stupidity, inhumanity and scurrilous and obscene language in dealing with the play drove the poor, wretched little Police Commissioner to steps he was reluctant to take. No words of mine are adequate to describe my feelings toward these critics. They should all be gathered in a dustpan and thrown into a dust heap. Had they any sense of decency, they would make a barefooted pilgrimage somewhere or shoot themselves, but I don't suppose they will.

"I do not consider the decision of the Court complete unless it contains a recommendation for the imprisonment of all the editors and critics of the New York press who were responsible for bringing about this agitation. The remainder of my life will be devoted to forcing home their disgraceful attitude in this matter. With thousands of women in New York under the adverse influences with which I deal, they had a splendid opportunity of aiding the work, but their stupidity was too great to permit them to see other than sensational phases. In their ostrichlike dullness they imagine they know more about the subject than I do, but when I say a thing is so no sane person will accept their word against mine.

"The most scandalous lie they told was that 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' was written for the purpose of making money. Any intelligent manager will tell you that a play which is dependent on pornographic situations is doomed to failure. For a week, perhaps, weak, degenerate debauchees may pay extravagant prices to see such a piece and then it is finished. The impression was spread in America that 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' was a piece of that character. Its production cost me \$5,000 out of my own pocket, besides incurring the receipts of other plays of mine on tour. Yet those who spent money to see 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' in the hope of satisfying their mental lasciviousness have my most profound pity in their disappointment. They must hold me guilty of taking their money under false pretences."

The only statement of any real interest in the foregoing effusion is that the production of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" cost Mr. Shaw \$5,000 out of his own pocket. That may explain the willingness of managers and actors to experiment with these queer plays.

This is a day of philosophers who become known the world over for their industrious opposition to the plain facts of the universe. Adroit and brilliant intellects, some of them. Nietzsche sits in his back yard, having ceased personal contact with mankind, and proclaims that Nature is un-moral (a very obvious and never doubted fact), that the beasts understand matters better than human beings, and the like. Schopenhauer gains a part of his reputation by asserting that woman is a short-legged mon-

strosity. Shaw says that morality is a pretense and should go to the dustbin. These philosophers of falsities or half-truths labor more industriously and voluminously in their fields than is perhaps actually required. A little of such perversity goes a long

way. One may become locally "prominent" by refusing to return the ordinary salutations of "Good morning," absolutely refusing to address any letter with "Dear Sir" or "Dear Madam," because, in his opinion, they are expressions of hypocrisy. Anyone may govern himself by such half-truths and become a cynic; but if the exact truth were known, it takes nine cynics to make one man, a man that counts. Such a man is never a cynic. A negro preacher becomes famous in repeating his belief that the "sun do move." A little goes a long way. La Rochefoucauld was great in his day by reason of a thin book of aphorisms based on the theory or half-truth that all men are actuated by selfishness. Nowadays, the Shaws, the Nietches and the Schopenhauers keep the printing presses busy with their vaporings. They are great men, but in the wrong way. When they are wrong, they are all wrong; when they are right, they are all right—sometimes, and nobody differs with them, ever has differed with them or ever will differ with them. The greatest of them all was Ibsen, and he always denied that he had any philosophy; but all the people who prate about him are philosophers. The philosopher has the day, and the dustbin yawns for him. The idea of the dustbin is so natural that we cannot permit Mr. Shaw to have the exclusive enjoyment of it.

An aspiring and successful emotional actress, writing from her summer home, confides to her press agent as follows:

"I will return your bunch of plays to-morrow by express. There is nothing in the lot I care to consider. It is simply appalling, the time I have given up to reading plays—a lot of 'no good' plays—instead of lying in a hammock reading an interesting book that would entertain me, rest my mind and give me a certain amount of enjoyment."

The last paragraph is so eloquent of the state of mind to which much reading of manuscript amateur plays reduces one that its very form of expression arrests the attention. "An interesting book" that "entertains," that "rests the mind" and that "gives a certain amount of enjoyment," is abundantly clear. This is a point of view to which the amateur writer of plays is not accus-



Copyright, Aimé Dupont

*A my bon ami le monsieur  
Laurance bon affectueux de  
Victor Capoul  
New York Jan 1900*

VICTOR CAPOUL, WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED BY OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN TO DIRECT THE OPERATIC PRODUCTIONS AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE THIS COMING SEASON

Victor Capoul, who has recently been co-director of the Paris Opera House, was born in Toulouse in 1839. After winning first prize at the Conservatoire in 1861, he made his debut at the Opera Comique in "Le Chalet," later singing the important rôles of the repertoire. In 1871 he went to London, and two years later he came to America with Adelaide Nilsson. On his return to Paris he became one of the most popular tenors of the day, singing Faust, Romeo, and the leading rôles in "Paul et Virginie," "Sais," "Joceelyn," "Manon," and other operas. He visited America again in 1898. He was awarded the decoration of chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French government.



tomed. A frank confession of this kind is worth considering. The amateur offers to send his valuable manuscript, insisting upon its immediate examination inasmuch as he does not wish to lose other opportunities and is anxious to have it done "next season," and receives an immediate reply that it will be read "with pleasure." The promptness and eager alacrity of this response is not confirmed by subsequent developments. Weeks pass, perhaps months. Finally, the manuscript, which by right should be in line at the paying teller's window "next season," is returned. With comment? Possibly. Without comment? More probably. The occult fact remains that the play has not been accepted. What is the inference? What other belief can one have? The play has not been read. It must be admitted that surface indications seem to point that way; but we should not be unjust. A manager has so many sins to answer for that a railing accusation against him should not be lightly made. It is a live question.

Do the managers read plays? Every effort has been made to get at the bottom of the matter, but it has seemed fathomless. Few people have ever seen a manager actually reading a play, and those who have reported the occurrence are usually a trifle discredited, because it is their manuscript to which they point with pride, while others, in the meanwhile, view the situation with alarm. Attempt to talk with a manager about your manuscript in his possession and the conversation drifts imperceptibly to the topic of the day and away from the topic of the moment. Do managers read plays? It is an intangible, baffling problem. They want them, need them, clamor for them, produce them. Do they read them? The Ayes seem to have it, but a multitudinous, unceasing storm of Noes would seem to confute it. The testimony is various and conflicting. One impatient writer succeeds in getting an audience and later reports with proper indignation that he found the manager, who needed a more comfortable bottom to his chair, sitting on a pile of forty or fifty typewritten

From *l'Art du Théâtre*

Mlle. LINA CAVALIERI

One-time Spanish dancer who has become a famous prima donna and seen here as the heroine of Massenet's opera "Manon." Engaged by Mr. Conried for the Metropolitan Opera House next season

plays. Was his play in the collection? The question is impertinent. No manager is going to submit to any cross examination of what he is sitting on. If the seat of a man's chair is not privileged, what franchise has he left? Others have suspected the nature of the contents of shelves, which remain for long periods undisturbed.

It is of record that Lester Wallack, in his later days, when asked by an aspiring dramatist if he would read one of his plays, complacently, but with deep sincerity, replied: "Not for all the wealth of the Golcondas." This aversion, which possibly may not be so rare, is in the nature of a rude shock to anyone who not only believes but knows that his manuscript would interest, entertain, rest the mind and give a certain amount of enjoyment. To the ordinary wayfarer who does not read a play this does not apply with as much certainty. He might claim that he is satisfied to see plays when they are produced. Indeed, if one cannot get a manager to read a play the case is a hard one. It is said that certain managers have certain readers who do read all plays submitted. Granted. But is not

the proof of reading somewhat defective in view of the fact that they report unfavorably on hundreds of plays "better than any now on the stage"? How are we to account for the fact that among the unproduced manuscripts are plays that are superior to the work of Jones, Pinero, Sudermann and even Ibsen?

We are inclined, however, to consider the matter settled in favor of the managers. They do read plays. It is all the more creditable to them because of the obvious certainty that they do not do it "with pleasure." That is merely a phrase, and must not

be taken too seriously if he writes that he *has* read the play with great pleasure. It is easy enough to say that a prudent manager should be more diplomatic in his language. The truth is, he is helpless in the matter. They will send him plays. They reach him by mail, express and personal delivery daily. Many managers, actors and actresses are reading



Photo Dakin, Boston

WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS IN SUMMER PLACES

Harry Woodruff's annual lawn party at Siasconset. Among those seen in the picture are Grace Livingston Furniss, Alice Fischer, Nanette Comstock, Laura McGilvray, Frank Gilmore, Hassard Short, Reeves Smith, Robert Hilliard, William Harcourt and Frank Burbeck



plays the summer long by the seashore, on mountain tops and in sylvan dells. To continue the remarks of one who would prefer to doze in her hammock:

"But no—I must pore over a lot of beastly plays, then devote hours to writing letters, hunting up paper and string, and carrying packages to mail and express. It is getting on my nerves in a way that is simply awful. And, withal, there is absolutely nothing worth reading. I have stopped this writing long enough to go through my mail, which has just arrived, and I find three more plays to read and three letters offering three more plays to read! Picture my condition!"

There you have it. They do read plays.

From all indications, there will be no diminution in the output of manufactured stars next season. Bargain-counter methods applied to the theatre are to be more than ever in vogue. New brands of "actors" and "actorines" are to be in keen competition with the latest breakfast foods. The quick-profit-seeking manager who cannot see further than his nose persists in ranking the player higher than the play, and this in spite of the fact that "The Lion and the Mouse," which took in more money last season probably than any other piece on the boards, made its great success with a cast made up of comparatively unknown people. The public, therefore, is willing to dispense with a star when it is given a strong play; in other words, as Bill said, "the play's the thing!" One of the most pernicious features of the star system is that so-called popular players are often forced on the public in weak vehicles, the manager depending more on the drawing powers of his star than on the drawing powers of his play. In time, of course, this works incalculable harm to the theatre, for the public, frequently imposed upon, becomes disgusted altogether with playgoing. The star system, therefore, has not only destroyed the art of acting, but it is really responsible for the present dearth of fine plays. The peculiar conditions in America, the vast territory to be covered, etc., make the star system inevitable, it appears; but there are already signs of a strong reaction in favor of the stock company, and a well-known metropolitan producer promises to make the experiment of a complete return to the old stock plan.

The star system would not be so intolerable if fewer medioc-

rities were foisted upon the public. Unquestionably, the modern stars are not required to be of the same magnitude as they once were. If they reach the proper magnitude, so much the better. The public, after all is said and done, is exacting and is its own

judge. It is not possible to make a star out of any and all material by mechanical means, by publicity and the innumerable devices of managerial invention. Every season sees failures of the kind. It is no easy thing to find the combination that secures success. As a rule, training and experience are indispensable, but we have many actors who are better actors than many stars, more intelligent, more worthy in every way perhaps, yet who cannot become stars. Nor is it a matter of managerial favor. Their claims have been tried out. Fortunes have been spent on them. Their plays may have been bad. Some accident of the moment may have defeated them. But, with good plays or bad, they or their managers have been financially wrecked. The public would not have them. Sometimes the causes are subtle and not easy to ascertain or explain. However, a manager is not going to bother much about ascertaining causes if the fact that the public does not like his star becomes plainly and painfully manifest through the box office. It is certain that personality counts for more than art, assuming always that art is indispensable. Aggressive self-consciousness, vanity that oozes from one, is a sure bar to popularity and success. Of course, any well-trained or sensible actor knows that self-consciousness on the stage is to be avoided like the black death; but if it is a case of irrepressible ooze, then must he bid farewell to all



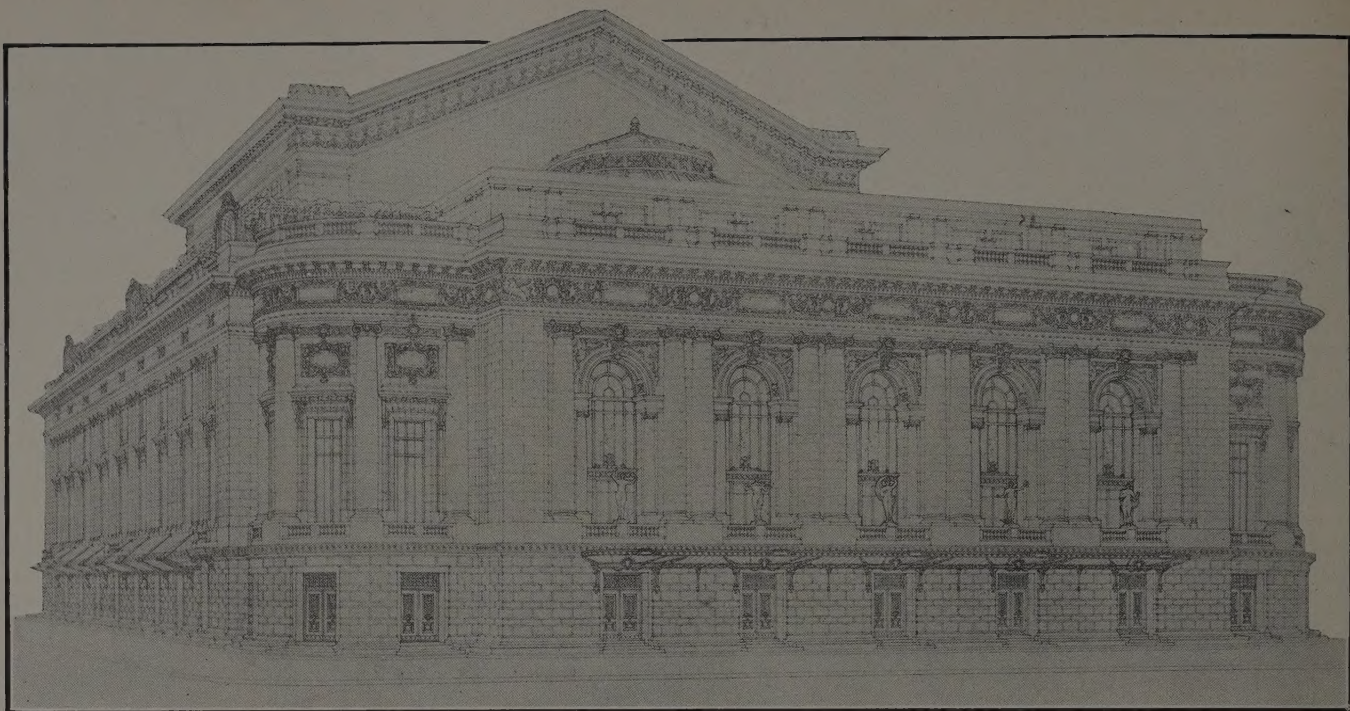
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LENA ASHWELL, WHO IS CONSIDERED ONE OF ENGLAND'S FINEST EMOTIONAL ACTRESSES AND WHO WILL MAKE HER FIRST AMERICAN TOUR THIS COMING SEASON

Lena Ashwell, known as Mrs. Arthur W. Playfair in private life, was born in 1872 in Canada. Her father was Captain Pocock, R. N., afterwards a clergyman in the Church of England. On the advice of Ellen Terry, she abandoned music for the stage, and first appeared in "The Pharisec" in 1891. She then toured with George Alexander in "Lady Windermere's Fan" and afterwards appeared with Arthur Dacre and Amy Roselle in "Man and Woman." She was seen with Irving at the Lyceum in "King Arthur," as Elaine, in 1893, and in 1896 she appeared in "Richard II." She acted with Wilson Barrett at the Lyceum in "Man and His Makers" in 1899, and in "Wheels Within Wheels" at the Court in the same year; she also originated the principal character in H. A. Jones's "Mrs. Dane's Defence" at Wyndham's in 1900. She played the leading female rôles in "Dante" with Irving at Drury Lane, and in "The Resurrection" at His Majesty's, with Beerbohm Tree in 1903, and in "The Darling of the Gods" in the same year. "Leah Kleschna" at Wyndham's, season of 1904-1905, was her most recent success before her present triumph in "The Shulamite."

hopes of greatness. It is no uncommon case for an actor to have lost his head and be swollen with vanity after he gains success. But if he can put aside his vanity when he faces the footlights and attend strictly to business, he can retain his popularity and success; otherwise not. To explain success by attributing it to personal magnetism is absurd in some cases. David Warfield no doubt possesses magnetism, if magnetism may be taken into account as a substantial, measurable thing, for he unmistakably has temperament; but it is his simplicity and real nature back of his art that is felt. It is something that cannot be assumed; it must exist.





Courtesy of the New York Sun

THE NEW THEATRE, CENTRAL PARK WEST, AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED

## The New Theatre and Some Old Ones

THE plans for the splendid three-million-dollar playhouse which a group of wealthy art patrons, including Cornelius and W. K. Vanderbilt, John Jacob Astor, August Belmont, Harry Payne Whitney, James Henry Smith, Charles T. Barney and others have undertaken to build in New York City, have now assumed definite shape, and the picture that appears above shows how the New Theatre will look when it is finished.

While the drawings for the playhouse on Central Park West give no indication that it will be anything extraordinary in size or present any striking originality as regards beauty of architectural design when compared with the great State-endowed theatres of Europe, some views of which are given here, it may be safely predicted that when completed the New Theatre will be the most imposing and costly edifice devoted to the drama that has ever been erected in this country.

The design is simple and classic, with a leaning towards the Italian Renaissance. The theatre will be built of light stone, and like most of the world's national theatres, will be visible on all sides. In other words, it will look like a theatre and not like an office building. Some of the architectural features appear to have been suggested by the famous theatres of the Continent. For example, the central dome and pointed rear suggests the Opera House at Paris, while the rounded corners and the long and rounded top windows are reminiscent of

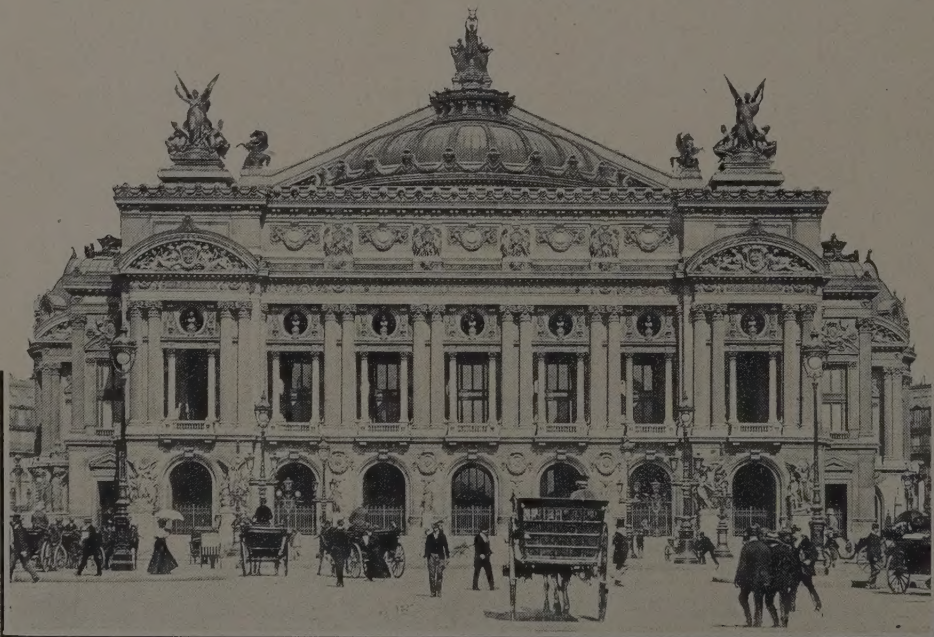
the Opera House at Frankfort. Again, the marble balustrade at the top of the building recalls the Hofburg Theatre at Vienna.

The theatre will have a frontage of 200 feet on the avenue and a depth of 225 feet. On the ground floor, at the front, will be a vast stone vestibule, and here will be the theatre offices. Inside the vestibule, which will be reached from the street curb by a marquise, will be a monumental staircase of stone leading up to a spacious foyer 150 feet long by 30 feet wide. This foyer will be indicated in front by a great colonnade extending the entire front of the building and the columns of which will be highly decorated.

There will be forty-six boxes, arranged in two tiers, which will be exclusively for the use of the forty-six founders. Each box will hold six persons, and there will be a passageway running the entire length of each tier, and stairways leading from one tier to another, so that the occupants of boxes may pass freely from one to another. There will also be a passageway running along the first tier in the auditorium so that people in the parterre may visit between the acts. The entire seating capacity of the

theatre will be about 3,000, and it is promised that the seats will be much more commodious and comfortable than those in the ordinary theatres.

The new playhouse will have a splendid location, opposite the park, and convenient for Eastsiders. Work on the theatre will be begun very soon, but it is not expected that it will be finished for two



THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS, DESIGNED BY THE IMMORTAL GARNIER



years. According to the preliminary announcements made, the building and endowment of this theatre was undertaken with the hope that it would elevate and improve the dramatic art in this country. The founders promised not to make any money out of the enterprise. They hope to be able to apply any excess over the interest on the money invested to a permanent endowment fund. Light operas and good dramatic performances will be given and a fine stock company formed. They believe that an invitation to appear in the theatre will be considered a sufficient honor to induce any artist to play on its boards, and foreign actors may be invited to appear as "guests."

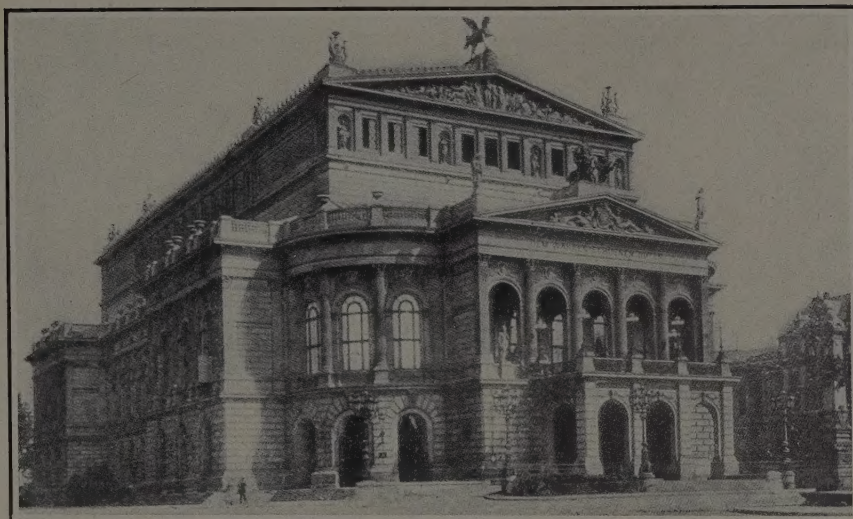
The stage is to be seventy-five feet deep and special care is to be taken to make the rooms for the artists comfortable. There will be a room for ballet practising, a room for the chorus and other rooms for instruction. It is the purpose of the founders ultimately to establish dramatic schools, with quarters in the building.

On the roof there will be a palm garden, enclosed in glass. Spacious elevators will take the theatregoers up to this garden from the vestibule and the foyer, and here patrons may lounge between the acts.

The scenery is to be stored in the theatre, and the plan is for the theatre to have its own scenery, adding to the stock each year.

Two spacious galleries will span the house above the boxes and will provide the room for most of the 3,000 seats. Even in the galleries there will be such abundant room that the usual crowding and cramping will be obviated. For the same reason, no doubt, the galleries will not lack air, through being squeezed too close to the roof.

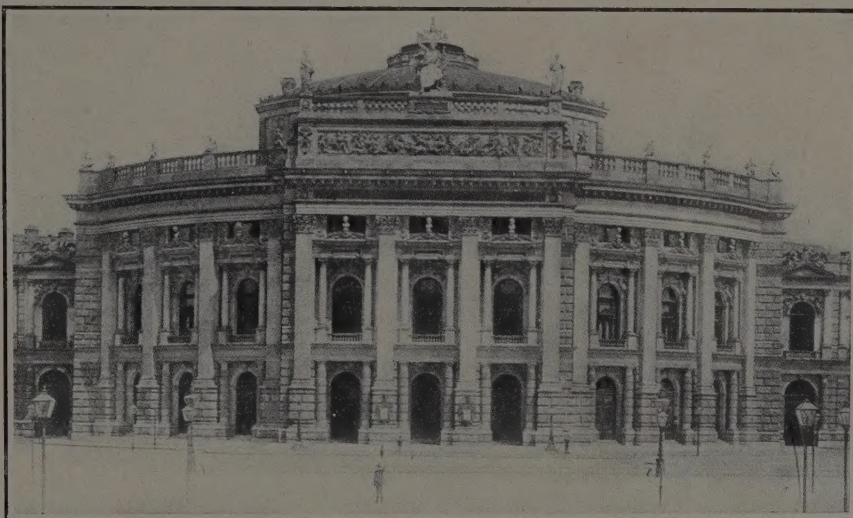
It is announced that



OPERA HOUSE, FRANKFORT

One of the most magnificent theatres in Germany. It is in the Italian Renaissance style, and was erected in 1880 at the cost of over one and a half million dollars. The foyer is especially noteworthy. The seating capacity of the building is 1,900 persons. The protection against fire is the most complete yet introduced in a theatre.

bibulous men about town, there might be danger of the place degenerating into a mere night resort for the fast set, which, of course, was scarcely contemplated by the original sponsors of



HOFBURG THEATRE, VIENNA

This theatre was founded by the Empress Maria Theresa in 1741. For many years it was devoted to the production of French and Italian operas and comedies, but gradually it became more and more national, and to-day it is the most important home of German drama. It is often styled the "Comédie Française" of Germany. The present handsome building was erected in 1888 on the site of the old theatre.

promises regarding the high character of the theatre were made seriously or not. If the New Theatre is to be run for profit-

there will be a restaurant in the basement of the theatre for the convenience of those who like to sup after the play, but we hope the founders will consider well before introducing an innovation so little in keeping with the promised high character of the new playhouse. Hot birds and cold bottles have little in common with the artistic interests of the drama, and if the lower floors of the building are to become a fashionable rendezvous for flashy supper parties and

might prove.

It is too early yet to decide if the founders' promises regarding the high character of the theatre were made seriously or not. If the New Theatre is to be run for profit-making only, it will be no better and rank no higher than the other thirty odd playhouses already doing business in New York. If, on the contrary, it has aims higher than this, as its prospectus originally stated it had, it behooves the directors to see to it that nothing is allowed to cheapen the character of their house, as this restaurant scheme threatens to do. *Noblesse oblige* may be applied to theatres as well as to persons.



ROYAL THEATRE, HANOVER

Considered one of the finest theatres in Germany. It was completed in 1851, and seats 1,800 persons. Its repertoire, however, is limited, owing to the Kaiser's lack of sympathy with the modern dramatic school. It is beautifully situated in the center of one of the public squares.





Leslie Faber

Mr. Irving

DAUTRAN CONFRONTS PAUL



Mr. Irving

Dorothea Baird

DAUTRAN PLEADS WITH MAURICETTE

## Henry Irving's Son Coming to America

**A**N interesting feature of the coming theatrical season will be the first appearance in this country of Henry Brodribb Irving, the elder son of the late Henry Irving, who will make an American tour, supported by an English company and opening at the New Amsterdam Theatre, this city, on October 8th next. Mr. Irving will be seen in "Paolo and Francesca," the poetic tragedy by Stephen Phillips, which is new here, and also in a modern drama entitled "Mauricette," adapted by Mr. Irving himself from the French of André Picard. The plays from Sir Henry's repertoire in which the son will invite comparison with his father are: "The Lyons Mail," "Charles I." and possibly "The Bells." He will also be seen in "Othello," a rôle in which he won enthusiastic praise from the London critics.

H. B. Irving is only thirty-six years old, having been born in London in 1870. He was educated at Oxford, where he took honors. He intended to follow the legal profession, but never practiced, preferring the activities of the stage to those of the law. He made his début in John Hare's company at the Garrick Theatre, first appearing as Lord Beaudevere in "School," in 1891. Later, he fulfilled engagements under various managers, and then gained experience in classic rôles by touring the English provinces with the Ben Greet repertoire company. In 1896 he married Dorothea Baird, who will accompany him on his

American visit, and during that same year he played Louis Ronpell in "The Tree of Knowledge," and Sir William Beaudevere in "The Ambassador," with George Alexander at the St. James Theatre. In 1902 he was engaged by Charles Frohman to play Orlando in "The Twin Sisters," and Crichton in "The Admirable Crichton," etc. He appeared as Hamlet at the Adelphi last year, his impersonation being highly praised.

In addition to his histrionic achievements, Mr. Irving is also well known as a writer. He is the author of the "Life of Judge Jeffreys," published in 1898, and of a volume of studies in criminology called "French Criminals of the Nineteenth Century." In personal appearance he bears a marked resemblance to his distinguished father, being about the same height and build, and having many of the same gestures and mannerisms.

His wife, Dorothea Baird, the daughter of an English barrister, made her first appearance on the stage in 1895 with Beerbohm Tree in George Du Maurier's "Trilby," for which she was especially selected by the author who saw in her the realization of his own sketches of the character. This year she was seen as Acte in Mr. Tree's production of Stephen Phillip's tragedy "Nero."

Marion Terry, an emotional actress well known on the London stage and who will be a prominent member of Mr. Irving's company, is a sister of Ellen Terry, to whom she bears a



DOROTHEA BAIRD

The original Trilby in London, and the wife of Mr. H. B. Irving



striking likeness. She made her début in 1873 as Ophelia in "Hamlet," playing the following year Hero in "Much Ado About Nothing." More recent rôles have been in "Lady Windermere's Fan," "Liberty Hall," "John Chilcote, M.P.," "Capt. Drew on Leave," etc.

Mr. Irving's play "Mauricette" is a translation of André Picard's "Jeunesse." The original piece was a great success at the Odéon last winter. The story, which is decidedly French,

in teasing Mauricette and pulling her hair. Finally he finds he is in love with the girl, and the crisis comes when the two, surprised by the wife, admit their affection for each other. Mme. Dautran is at first indignant, but eventually becomes imploring, and Mauricette, out of pity, consents to marry Paul, a young man whom she does not really care for. In the third act, six months later, Mauricette is married to Paul, and Roger asks for an interview. He has aged considerably; in fact he is now an old man.



Marion Terry

Mr. Irving

DAUTRAN TALKS THE SITUATION OVER WITH HIS WIFE

deals with Roger Dautran, a married man, who continues to sow his wild oats, although already middle aged. He has a certain position, being a member of the Senate, but in spite of this and of having a loving, faithful wife, he spends his days in intrigues with women. His wife is fully aware of his goings on, and by degrees has habituated herself to them, having sunk herself to the position of a mere housekeeper, to whom Roger returns when he is tired of other women. Her only hope is that when age creeps upon him he will return to the comforts of his own fireside. But Roger has no desire to grow old, and he strives to ward off age. Home gets on his nerves, and he is constantly inventing dinner parties with imaginary colleagues. Mme. Dautran therefore introduces into her household Mauricette, with the idea that the freshness and brightness of the young girl will make the home more interesting to her husband. It does. Dautran stays at home and dines at home, his fascination soon manifesting itself

He finds that his hold on Mauricette has gone with his altered appearance; in other words, she sees him as he is, an old man, and she prefers youth in the person of Paul. Mme. Dautran once more forgives her husband and the two depart arm in arm.

"It is a curious, interesting, and most unsatisfactory play," says the *London Stage*. "It has the fault of bad construction, which is mainly due to the bending of a story for which a novel would seem to provide the only successful treatment to the hard necessities of the theatre. The tragedy of the story really is Mme. Dautran, with her calm contemplation of her husband's amours, waiting for old age to give him to her. If she were not so pitiable a figure she would be contemptible. In the end she has her husband again, but no theatrical trick of the couple going off arm in arm can efface from the mind the picture of the dreary, desolate fate which must be theirs. None of the characters seem to regard the marriage law as any serious hindrance.



# Some Actresses I Have Known

I N the fall of 1872 I met Charlotte Cushman at the house of Gov. Marshall Jewell at Hartford, Conn. Miss Cushman was then on her last professional tour of New England, supported by a wretched company, of which Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., the least talented of all the Booths, was leading man. I saw her on three consecutive nights as Lady Macbeth, Queen Katherine, and Meg Merriles, and was greatly impressed by her acting in all three characters.



*Charlotte Cushman*

Miss Cushman was fifty-six years of age at this time, but looked older. Her face showed the marks of intellect more than that of any woman I ever met, with the possible exception of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Her hair was iron-grey, her features strong, but her chin protruding in a manner not altogether pleasing. There was about her a suggestion of masculinity that served to explain her great success in her earlier life in playing Romeo and other male rôles opposite to the heroines of her sister Susan, a beautiful woman, but far inferior to Charlotte as an actress.

In conversation she was very interesting, every word being thoughtful and well considered. Reverence was a marked characteristic of her nature; one felt sure that she could never trifle with sacred subjects. In speaking of her plans for the future, she always began "An' it please God," with a quick but reverent gesture of the head that was very impressive. When the conversation turned at last to her profession, she said that her stage life had always been as separate from her personal life as one sea from another.

She told me that, in her fifteen years' absence from the stage, she had grown while she slept and had returned to her profession with renewed zest. She stated that in great rôles she felt the passion she assumed; that the Anglo-Saxon has too much self-consciousness to be able to impress an audience otherwise, although a Frenchman or Italian may put on and off a character and act it well with perhaps an entire lack of self-consciousness. Miss Cushman added that although the most self-conscious, we are by no means the most conceited race, that the French are that, as the Germans are the most phlegmatic in manner. She added that other languages offer great advantages over English by the greater dramatic effect that can be produced by the enunciation of a single word. For instance, very little can be done with "Sir," very much with "Monsieur," "Mein Herr," or "Señor." "A striking example of this" (said she) "is shown by the effect of Madame Janauschek's pronunciation of the word 'bastard' in the English version of Schiller's 'Mary Stuart,' when, in the famous scene between the two queens, Mary hurls the word at Elizabeth with terrible emphasis, which is greatly intensified by

Madame Janauschek's hard German accentuation, 'bast-a-r-d'."

Miss Cushman spoke in high terms of Mr. Jefferson as a man, and placed him at the head of his profession as an actor, but of the Booth family as actors, her criticism was that "they had pampered the popular taste with jellies, instead of feeding it with strong meat."

The nightly blunders of her company had greatly marred the symmetry of Miss Cushman's performances. When asked as to the effect of this upon her, she replied: "It makes me turn internal somersaults nightly." A notable instance of this occurred in the performance of "Henry VIII," when the queen was on the stage with the two cardinals. Cardinal Campeius finished a sentence that should have been a cue for Cardinal Wolsey, whose stage representative said not a word, when Miss Cushman muttered in a low tone, "That is not my cue." This, too, he did not note till in a deep, firm voice she exclaimed: "That is not my cue. Will you be kind enough to give it to me?" This brought the actor to his senses and the play ran more smoothly thereafter.

In this interview Miss Cushman spoke very highly of Madame Janauschek, then new to the American stage, as an actress of great promise, and her probable successor in great tragic rôles. It was not until 1876 that I had the pleasure of seeing the great Bohemian actress, whom I called upon in the same city. Never really handsome, the dark-browed Czech woman had a strong and intellectual face which, when animated, became very attractive. When interested in the discussion of the plays in which she was appearing, she would rise and walk to and fro, declaiming extracts from them in support of her views. She accidentally dropped her glove during my call, and as I restored it to her she thanked me courteously, but one noted that her conversational English was more broken and marked by a foreign accent than when she quoted from the plays in which she was acting. At this time she had the reputation of speaking seven languages and had acted in three. Many legends were current concerning the great tragedienne at this time, such as that she was of pure gypsy origin, had never smiled since she had been the heroine of a tragic love affair, etc. Most of these were doubtless mythical, for at this time she was happily married to a German officer who had served in the English navy.

That Janauschek had personal passion in a high degree is illustrated by a story told me by Major Romeo P. Tomassek, a Hungarian officer who served with Maximilian in Mexico. He said that he sat next to her at a dinner of some dramatic society in Vienna at the time when she was at the height of her European career. Directly opposite sat a theatrical manager with whom the actress had previously had a personal quarrel. The dinner was well under way when the manager said, across the table, something viciously ugly to the actress, whereat she deliberately seized a glass full of Rhine wine and hurled its contents into the face of the offender. It is said that in her early days incidents of like character were not uncommon.

In 1896 I again met Janauschek in Baltimore, where I escorted her to a public hall in which she was to lecture on "The Drama of To-Day." Her fortunes had then begun to decline, but she was



*Mary F. South Siddons*



*Fanny Janauschek*

schek's pronunciation of the word 'bastard' in the English version of Schiller's 'Mary Stuart,' when, in the famous scene between the two queens, Mary hurls the word at Elizabeth with terrible emphasis, which is greatly intensified by





Otto Sarony Co.

ORRIN JOHNSON

Who will have the leading rôle in Charles Klein's new drama on the labor question



Burr McIntosh

TYRONE POWER

Who will play the title rôle in the stage version of Marie Corelli's story, "Barabbas"



HENRY E. DIXEY

Who will be seen in a new comedy entitled "Richard the Brazen"

THREE POPULAR LEADING MEN WHO WILL BE SEEN IN IMPORTANT METROPOLITAN PRODUCTIONS THIS COMING SEASON

very careful of her dignity, and insistent upon proper surroundings upon the platform upon which she was to read, but she was very severe and sarcastic in the treatment of her subject. For example, she said: "When parents ask me, 'Where shall I send my children to be educated for the stage?' I reply, 'If they are boys send them to the prize ring; if girls to the divorce court.'" This sentiment struck home and was applauded. At this the lady rose from her chair and said: "This advice would not have been given in my younger days, for I have played in many of the great courts of Europe, and kings and emperors have honored me with their applause."

The old lioness never lost her dignity to the very end, and in the comedies and cheap melodramas in which fate compelled her to appear in the closing years of her career, her presence (as Sheridan Knowles once said to Edwin Forrest of the great Mrs. Siddons) "filled the stage."

The beautiful Mrs. Mary F. Scott Siddons, in whose veins ran the blood of the Kembles and the great Sarah Siddons, I first met about 1873, when she was giving Shakespearian readings, using copies of the plays owned by her famous ancestress. Her face was oval, her complexion one

"whose red and white, Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on;" her hair soft and silky, but of raven blackness and in great quantity. It was said that her English blood was mixed with that of a prince of India. A gentleman who saw her married at the age of seventeen was quoted to me as saying that "no more beautiful bride ever walked the soil of England."

Soon after our first meeting I saw her in "As You Like It" at New Haven,

Conn., where a ludicrous incident occurred during the performance. As Rosalind she wore, inappropriately, silk stockings with long buttoned gaiters which had high and narrow French heels, on account of which, during one of her scenes in the forest of Arden, she tripped on some obstacle so that she fell prone on her back. Before recovering herself she cried out, "D—n it, ring down that curtain." This was about the time when the opera of "Pinafore" was in the height of its career, and, when a young gentleman in the front row, who had heard the ejaculation of the

actress, at once called out in words of the Pinafore chorus, "She said damn it," the fall of the curtain was accompanied by roars of laughter.

Nearly twenty years later I again met Mrs. Siddons giving professional readings in small cities of West Virginia. The fates had turned against her. She had lost all her money by unfortunate dramatic ventures and been sorely beset by domestic trials, during which, however, she had preserved an unspotted name. Notwithstanding all her trials, she was as brave, as kindly and as courteous as ever, and still a very handsome woman, although the glamour of her early beauty had passed away. She never recovered her fortunes, and died in 1897, at the age of forty-seven, in poverty and distress.

HENRY P. GODDARD.



CONSUELO YZNAGA BAILEY

Young actress who will be seen in the leading female rôle in the New York production of "In the Bishop's Carriage." Miss Bailey is related to the Duchess of Marlborough

Edward S. Willard will present in America the new stage version by Michael Morton of Thackeray's novel, "The Newcomes." Beerbohm Tree is having a great personal success in the character of Colonel Newcome, although the London papers are not very enthusiastic in regard to the play itself, which one critic says will spoil the popular taste for Thackeray.





Photos by White, N. Y.

William Pruette



Julia Sanderson

LEADING CHARACTERS IN "THE TOURISTS" MUSICAL COMEDY WHICH WILL BE SEEN AT THE LYRIC, NEW YORK, NEXT FALL

## The Problem of the Playwright

THE mere writing of a play is generally admitted to be a more or less harassing business of itself, although its fascinations and allurements are many and attractive. The playwright's real problem, however, begins when his play is type-written and he enters into the noble employment of peddling it to the nearest buyer. He waits here, schemes there, pulls a multitude of wires in this direction, only to find at the last moment that there never has been any intention on the part of the manager or star to produce his piece.

The glorious uncertainty of racing, the fickleness of the fair sex, the mutations of the weather, fade into insignificance before the magnificent unreliability of all things theatrical. The playwright devotes a year's work to his play, succeeds in having it produced, well acted and staged, and in three hours on the first night all is over, the MS. is consigned to the waste-paper basket and the scenery and properties to the storehouse. Well, then you say, How is success to be won as a playwright? No one knows and therefore this writer does not put himself forward as possessing any secret information upon the subject. But there is one fact worth stating:

The problem of the playwright consists, not how to write his play, but just where to place it for production; not what is public taste, nor what constitutes real drama, but what proposition can he formulate and be treated in his play that shall make a direct

appeal to the managerial mind or to the understanding of star and manager? There are at the most not more than three or four dramatists in the United States who can secure a payment in advance upon the presentation of a scenario, the others (and the American Dramatists' Club contains nearly 100 names on its membership roll) must write their plays first and find their market afterwards. And as the most important producing managers have a leaning towards what is known in the trade as the "developed playwright," by this is meant the dramatist whose work of the moment is being successfully produced by a rival manager, it can be seen at a glance how difficult is the problem that confronts the playwright who, although having won his spurs on many a well-fought theatrical field, finds himself for the moment as not being classed among his developed brethren.

Of course, this is all wrong, but that does not make it right, as everything that is in the theatrical world ought not to be. If then the way is hard and tortuous and devious for those who by actual production have proved themselves practical stageworkers, what must be the path of the beginner, who has his business to learn, not from any primer or text-book, but by actual contact with the most elusive world within the world that exists?

Perhaps some rescript of actual experiences by one who has been through the mill may be of value in helping to solve the problem that confronts others. It is a curious fact that the be-



ginner always sets a higher value upon his own work than the old hand. The beginner wants to read his own plays to manager and star, not alone for the delight of hearing himself talk, but because he is mortally afraid that every idea contained in the play may be stolen and handed over to another playwright. Therefore he insists upon reading his plays himself. First, you read a scenario or a synopsis to the manager, who tells you in a gush of enthusiasm that "if Sardou or Pinero (or the last playwright who has written for him a success) had your story, he would write the play of his life." Of course, you may never have, in your wildest dreams, associated yourself with the really developed article, and subconsciously you are aware that they are in a class by themselves and that you are not in it; still it tickles one's fancy to inhabit even momentarily the presence of those who sit on pedestals. Therefore when the manager condescends to talk about terms, saying, "What can I get that play for?" you are tempted to dream of Golconda as your future reward, and best of all, you go hard at the play with a newly born enthusiasm. And it all looks so easy. The next you hear of the manager is that he has gone abroad. Now if you were an old hand at the game, you would at once ride for a fall, because the American manager who goes abroad to buy his plays in the great failure market for the American trade will be an unknown quantity upon his return, as to the plays he has left behind in his own country. But at that stage you are wandering in an unknown

yet beautiful world, and you go on writing your play, confident that the manager's enthusiasm will survive an ocean voyage. Of course, that is your mistake. Sea air takes the starch out of most things, and it effectually wilts managerial furore for the plays of undeveloped playwrights.

You finish the play, and about this time the manager returns from Europe, and at the earliest practical moment you call upon him and announce the completion of the play. In your ingenuousness you confidently expect him to fix the date of the first performance at the mere announcement that the play is finished! It is typewritten, why not acted? After you have told your story there is a chilly silence, broken by the manager who says: "Those fellows in Paris are the boys for passion." And it soon develops that he has brought back a French play in his trunk of which great things are expected. But he will give you the opportunity of reading your play to the star, and an appointment is forthwith made. You leave his office still a little hopeful, for things are commencing to take on a more definite shape. Of course, you are punctually at the manager's office on the day of the reading, and shortly afterwards you and he set out for the star's home.

It is one of those awful dog days in August, and you with your MS. under your arm, and your first presentation to an important star ahead of you, it is easily conceived that you are in a state of mind. "Was there ever such a red-hot day as this?" you think. Arrived at your destination, you are quickly ushered into a long



White Estelle Wentworth and Howard Chambers in "The Tourists"



White

JULIA SANDERSON AND HER PARASOL GIRLS IN "THE TOURISTS"





Bangs  
**NELLIE MALCOLM**  
 Young English actress who came to America with Mrs. Langtry and who was with Mr. Crane last season



Otto Sarony Co.  
**BLANCHE RING**  
 A favorite in musical comedy and seen recently in "His Honor the Mayor" at the New York Theatre



**LOUETTE BARCOCK**  
 A popular ingenue in the West and at present a member of the People's Stock Company, Chicago

room, received by the star most graciously, who notices your trepidation, smiles sweetly, and in the most friendly manner tries to place you at your ease. The lady is wearing a Japanese kimona, a lot of jewelry, and you notice that her hair seems unkempt, and otherwise she is not the radiant person you know from across the footlights. The manager and the star confer for a moment apart, and this gives you time to look about the room. Then you notice that down the centre of the room is arranged a long table, and on this are fully a hundred or more stage costumes, each in a little pile of its own, with shoes, stockings, gloves, hats, tights, cloaks, even swords and daggers, some Shakespearian, others modern, romantic, etc. Going over them all, arranging them, mending them, etc., is a neat French maid. Presently, you adjourn to the rear room and near an open window, and your first experience as a playreader begins. You read on, the star attentive and courteous, the manager restless and preoccupied. Perhaps you have read for ten minutes or more, when the manager pulls out his watch, and looking at it, says to the star:

"You will be sure not to miss that 4.20 for Coney Island?"

"Oh, no." (Then to the reader) "Go on with the play, please."

You have hardly started afresh, when the French maid enters, holding up a costume in her hands, greatly agitated, and declaring in broken English that the entire costume in evidence has been ruined at the cleaner's, whereupon much excitement and a seemingly endless discussion about the gown. You sweat blood. When you finally re-commence, everything is dead in your play. The lines you thought so fine are ridiculous, even to yourself, and what it is all about even the wretched author has forgotten. And so you wander on until the manager cuts short the ordeal by saying that he does not like the play in its present shape, and after some platitudes of regret and stage smiles all around, you exit, while the manager, the star and the French maid hold a post-mortem on your literary remains.

A day or two afterwards, you read a press notice that Miss So-and-So will open her season in San Francisco in a new drama from the French. Subsequently you read an Associated Press despatch that the play written by the man of passion in Paris lived one tempestuous night; never, in fact, was heard of upon any

stage afterward. You are more than human if you do not smile.

After you have gotten your second wind, so to speak, you determine to try reading your play again, and you hear of a distinguished star who has been absent from the public gaze for several years, and is most anxious to "get back," and, of course, in your mind you have just the play that is needed to get her back. A reading is easily arranged for through mutual acquaintances, and upon another hot summer's night you betake yourself to the star's apartment on Fifth avenue. The reception is most cordial, and as there is no manager present, nor French maid, nor wardrobe, and also the time for any one to wish to go to Coney Island is long past, you feel much encouraged. At least this has all the earmarks of a square deal. There is only one gas jet lit in the room and that is near an open window, and under that you take your seat, while the star who wishes to "get back," with true professional instinct, seats herself *centre* at a small table.

After a few preliminaries you commence the reading of your play, and, barring some discordant notes from the jangle of traffic in the street below, everything seems to be going swimmingly. You have almost finished Act I., when there is a sibilant noise that seems to proceed from centre, and it checks the completion of the act just as you are about to pull down the curtain. You look up, and at first do not realize what has happened. At first glance it is too terrible to comprehend. But as you look, you make out distinctly in the dim light that the handsome head of the star who wanted to "get back" has fallen upon her gently undulating bosom! Saints above us! she is sound asleep! And the sibilant noise which held the curtain on your first act was a commonplace snore! There is no disguising the fact, your play has failed to hold your audience. For a moment you sit irresolute, face to face with the sleeping beauty. Then seized by a sudden inspiration you draw forth your visiting card and write upon it: "Thank you for having listened," gather up your MS., your hat, and placing the card upon the table, tiptoe from the room, closing the door softly. Then comes the saving clause, the compensation. Your sense of humor as a playwright comes to your rescue, and as you slowly descend three flights of stairs, you say to yourself, "What a splendid situation! I shall utilize that in my next play!" Never-



**JACK TAGGART**  
 Young romantic actor who has toured the South in "Richelieu" and has just finished a two months' engagement with Proctor's Fifth Avenue Stock Company





Aphie James      Basket in which Falstaff is concealed      Charlotte Lambert  
Act III.—Mrs. Ford: "Is there not a double excellency in this?"



Mrs. Ford (Charlotte Lambert)      Mrs. Page (Aphie James)      Mr. Ford (Norman Hackett)

Act III.—Mrs. Ford: "Heaven make you better than your thoughts"

Scenes in Shakespeare's Comedy, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which Will Be Seen at the New Amsterdam Theatre This Coming Season





ELIZABETH KENNEDY AS ESTHER IN "MIZPAH"

This play, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscombe Scarelle, founded upon the Old Testament account of the obscure Jewish girl who became Queen of Persia, will be produced at the Academy of Music, New York, in September

theless, upon reaching the street, although it is a hot night, it seems much cooler than the room you have just left. The next day you commune with yourself, and the resolve takes something like this form: "Well, they may go to sleep over them, but I'll not be there to see them do it!" And you never do again. But would anyone believe it possible that the star who wanted to "get back" never sent an apology?

The problem of how to reach the producers of plays after these experiences seems to lie much further beneath the surface than you imagined. You consult playbrokers, and you are much gratified upon receiving favorable notices about all of your plays. You're too green to know that playbrokers like all plays. In fact, it is part of their business. Another fact which you learn is that there is no standard by which a play may be judged as to its commercial value, and this is complicated by another fact, which is that the unacted or the unfrequently acted author has no excuse which appears valid for not having placed his plays. The man who is for one reason or another little in demand, is looked upon with suspicion as a dangerous character. One would think that the greater the number of practical writers for the stage, the greater the managers' chances for finding successful plays. But, strange as it may seem, these gentlemen would rather depend upon the work of three or four men than upon that of a dozen. This seems incredible, but it is true, and the result is always that the favored few overwrite themselves to supply the demand, and this effort results in the number of wishy-washy plays, anemic in material and limping painfully towards failure. Mr. Pinero seldom turns out more than one play a year. This is rather under than over the average, and although the propositions in many of his plays have been *persona non grata* to our public, yet observe the finish and the virility of the workmanship. But when an author turns out two, three or four plays a year, there must be a vast deal of dullness, and there is. So, as the majority of managers

buy authors and not plays, the net total is that plays are more likely to be chosen upon their demerits than upon their merits, and that the acceptance of a play for production is like the kisses bestowed by a pretty woman, based upon favoritism and not impartial judgment. Still the problem remains unsolved. You visit the theatres, you study the failures, as well as the successes, and finally your only incentive to continue your work is, that if your own plays are hopeless, so are ninety-nine per cent. of those that see the footlights.

After you are tired of agents, you go back to managers again, and, although frequently made to feel that you are welcome much like the man who comes to borrow money, or sell a dog, nevertheless you sometimes discover a manager with ideas, and as he is the man who puts up the money, his ideas are entitled to consideration. You discover, too, that should you alter your play each time that it is read, that you will have as many versions as there have been readers.

When any one talks about producing it with all its faults, do what is asked of you. No manager will contract to produce a play which needs vital changes. In the smaller details let him have his way. He frequently knows, and moreover his experience in these matters is likely to be much greater than yours. Defer to it. Of course, sometimes your temper and your patience are sorely tried, particularly with the manager who solemnly promises to read your play within a week and keeps the M.S. one year, and "jollies you along," either because he is undecided about your play or he is watching the market for that particular kind of play. At all events, you must keep your temper.

When a manager returns your play with a long and what appears to you ridiculous dissertation upon your crimes of omission and commission, hark back to his latest failure, and you will probably find all the defects with which he charges you in the play he has produced. This

will be some consolation. So go on and try another manager, and another, and if you are long lived and robust of constitution, you will find your market. It takes all of three years, and frequently more, before the freshly completed play finds its affinity. Why is it then, you ask, that managers and stars declare that there are no plays? Well, the playwright in his ideas is from one to five years ahead of the manager in his. The producer slowly grows up to the stature of the writer of plays, hence the former's unswerving faith in the developed playwright. Sometimes the worst plays contain the greatest lessons. This writer remembers a play (by the way, it was "The Rich Mrs. Repton"), and in that play one of the dra-

(Continued on page iii.)



Stein

A NEW PORTRAIT OF EFFIE SHANNON

This popular actress will be seen next season in a new play





Byron, N. Y.

WILLIAM H. CRANE IN HIS DRESSING ROOM

## "The Need of the Stage Is Plays!" Says Mr. Crane

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 49)

**I** AM sixty-one years old. I have been on the stage for forty-three years. I expect to go on being a better actor all the time. There is no reason why I shouldn't."

William H. Crane looked a challenge from deep-set, steel-blue, indomitable eyes, through glasses that glittered and sparkled in the brilliant light from the electric bulbs above the mirror in his dressing room. Mirthful little lines criss-crossing deeper furrows of resolve formed a fine network upon his face. His nose was big and forceful, a nose of the sort that cleaves straight through difficulties. His lips were a firm, straight line, but parted frequently in a sudden, swift-passing smile. The strong, striking contour of his features suggested the pages of colonial history. Their prototype might be found in old portraits of the governors of New England colonies, sturdy old spirits that never faltered and in the ultimate of things never failed.

William H. Crane turned the interview quickly into channels of his Yankee youth. His features were a forerunner of his declaration that he was born at Leicester, Mass. His father was a mechanic. He himself had gone upon the stage, after some coquetting with the dramatic muse in a crude way, that is, as president of an amateur organization, known locally to fame as the Campbell Minstrels, at eighteen. He made his entry by way of opera. For eleven years he sang with opera companies, then, his inability to read music proving a stumbling block, he con-

cluded that he "had gone as far as he could" and joined a dramatic company.

"I gave up a salary of \$125 a week for one of sixty," said Mr. Crane. "The young actors of to-day wouldn't do that. Nor would many of the young actors of yesterday. But I knew that in this world of progress one may not stand still, and that there are times in our lives when events so shift that we have practically to begin all over. So I began.

"Well, I haven't regretted it. I always lived within my income, but I saw to it that my income was large enough to enable me to keep good company. That surprises you? There's more in the statement than you would at first suppose. The point I would make is that it is wise to expend enough to bring you within the radius of persons who can help you to grow. I always associated with good people, those from whom I could learn something. Now as to the spending of money. When I was earning a hundred dollars a week I lived at a hotel where it cost me forty dollars a week. There I met persons and formed friendships that were useful to me all my life. For instance, I recall as though it were yesterday that John H. Flagler, brother of H. B. Flagler, said to me while we were taking a railroad trip together thirty-seven years ago, 'What do you do with your savings?' 'I haven't been able to save much yet,' I said. 'Begin,' he said, 'and invest judiciously.' I have known every President since Chester





Semon, Cleveland

ANGELA OGDEN

Seen this last season with Grace George in "The Marriage of William Ashe." Miss Ogden has been on the stage ever since she was a child, when she appeared with Clara Morris

A. Arthur. I paid a visit to the White House last year and mentioned while there that I had an autographed picture of President McKinley, which he had given me. 'And you shall have an autographed picture of me if you want it,' said President Roosevelt. The photographs are part of my treasures at my home at Cohasset, Mass.

"Suppose I had determined, as did some of my friends, when they were earning a hundred a week, to live at the cheapest hotels where they would meet no one who would broaden their horizon. Without any chance for attrition with superior minds the chances are that in ten years they would be earning seventy-five a week, and in twenty years, twenty-five, or perhaps nothing. My advice to the young of my profession is always 'First and foremost, keep good company. Associate with actors, the best actors that you can, but don't make them your exclusive companions. Know the men and women of other professions and other angles of view, so that you will know life as a whole. If you confine your studies and associations entirely to the stage, you can only know it in part.'

"It is well for every man to be economical, but economy should be broadly construed. If you need money for a certain purpose, keep your mind upon the purpose and save it. While I was playing a seven weeks' engagement as Le Blanc in 'Evangeline' I received \$150 a week. I saved \$1,000 of it. In those seven weeks I spent only fifty dollars. Of course, I was living at home. But

if you need money for a certain purpose and make up your mind, you can save it. I have always watched for opportunities for judicious investment and availed myself of them. 'Some of the investments turned out just the other way, but one must make excursions to learn whether a road is the right or wrong one.

"I have saved and yet I have had about everything I wanted in life. My wife and I, traveling in Europe, looked at hotel suites and took a fancy to one at twenty-four dollars a day. Mrs. Crane said: 'But they are too expensive.' I answered: 'We want them, don't we?' And we took them. My wife looked about at the luxury surrounding us and said: 'This is a long way from where you started,' and I retorted that I had reason to be proud that there was some difference between the two points. Summing up my career in a financial way I should say that I have had everything I wanted, but stopped short of criminal extravagance. The gist of it all is that I have tried to improve myself and so increased my earning capacity, which is, perhaps, the truest economy. Spend money to fit yourself to earn more money."

Although Mr. Crane is accounted one of the wealthiest of American actors, being, indeed, rated a millionaire, he turned from the subject of saving money and amassing fortune with evident relief. The reason was apparent. It lay just under his hand that rested on his dressing table, a heap of begging letters. There were more than fifty letters and they represented two days' mail. Further publication of his affluence would add by so much to the weight of this unwelcome mail.

Concerning the fact that an actor cannot afford to go backward he told a story of the late beloved dean of the American stage, Joseph Jefferson.

"I was passing through Chicago and, seeing that my dear old friend was playing there, I went around to the theatre. I met his son, Charles Jefferson, and said: 'Guess I'll go around and see your father.'

" 'I wouldn't if I were you,' he said.

" 'Why not?'

" 'Because he is so nervous that you wouldn't have a pleasant call.'

" 'Nervous,' I said, 'your father, and playing "Rip"?' "

Charles insisted, and I went away wondering whether I had been the victim of a Jeffersonian family joke. Some months later I met Mr. Jefferson and told him about it.

" 'It's quite true,' he said. 'I've been playing "Rip Van Winkle" for forty years and I've set a standard. I don't dare to fall below it.'

Mr. Jefferson spoke with his accustomed wisdom. I learned that when I arrived in Omaha tired from a long trip from the Pacific Coast and read the papers. The things the newspaper boys had written about my 'Senator' made me want to leave town by the next train.

" 'Read that,' I groaned to my manager. 'I can't act up to that. You might as well close the house. No man can play as well as this article says I do in "The Senator." ' I learned all the abysmal depth of a blue funk. That is the most serious phase of a successful actor's life, having to live up to his record. He can't afford to take any steps backward, and he is in constant fear that he may. It is the sword of Damocles hanging over every actor's head."

Mr. Crane married a non-professional. "I married in Utica thirty-seven years ago," he said, "and chose someone not of the stage so that I would not have to talk shop at home."

Then he talked shop himself fast and furiously, for a question had opened wide the sluice gates of feeling.

"The need of the stage is not players, but plays. There must be plays to give the players a chance. There must be plays with a story and humanity. What makes 'The Lion and the Mouse' the biggest success in many years? A story and its human interest. I want to play good American types, but where can I get them? In my present vehicle the authors have miserably missed a magnificent opportunity. An American, John Bruester, doesn't want to be a lord. The prospect of an annual income of \$375,000 for



his son makes him decide to accept, for he decides to introduce American customs and institutions in England. There is a magnificent opportunity for contrast and fun ilimitable. They get John Bruester on his estate in England, and what does he do? Not a thing but talk and make love to a widow. A half dozen lines that give a faint glimmering notion of what he wants to do I interpolated myself. The line about the chowder party was mine. I would have gone on playing 'David Harum' all my life if it had been a good play. Instead, it was a bad one."

Mr. Crane cited several other instances, in one of which he said he told the not unknown author that he should have gone to jail for making so bad a dramatization.

"There are good schools for actors," he concluded heatedly. "And now I see there is a school for playwrights. It is certainly needed. I wanted to play a good American character next season, but I shall have to play an Englishman, because I can't get a play in my own country."

He was in a genial Crane humor again when he told the story of a sixteen-year-old admirer he met at Carlsbad.

"She looked very indifferent when introduced to Mr. Crane until someone told her I was 'her David Harum.' Then she beamed childishly upon me and I expanded in the sunshine of her unqualified approval. Someone remarked that I was going to



from the Sketch Lena Ashwell as the wife in "The Shulamite"

play in 'Business Is Business' the next season. The sun of the girl's countenance was eclipsed. 'But I've seen the play in Paris,' she said. 'That character is a terrible man, Mr. Crane; don't you dare to play a villain.'

"I am telling this story because it illustrates the attitude of the American public to William H. Crane. It is used to what it calls Crane parts. I never received such warm praise of my art as in that play, but the public didn't want me in it, because the part was disagreeable even while it was great."

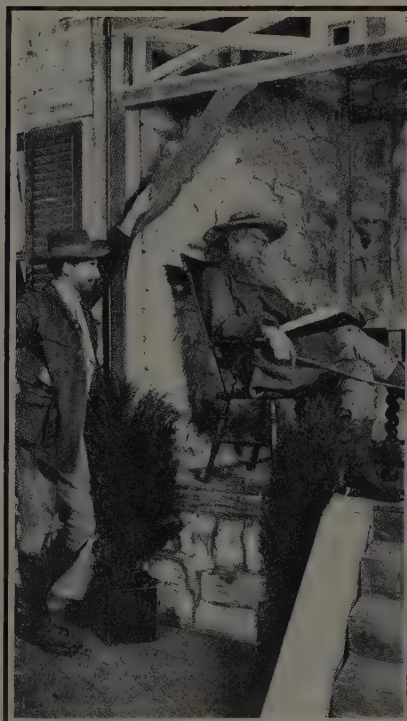
For his robust physique and excellent health Mr. Crane gave succinct and satisfying reason. "Life out of doors. I always have an outdoor fad. Once it was yachting. Now it's walking. I never walk less than five or six miles a day."

By way of farewell he delivered a nugget of Yankee wisdom, while the steel-blue Crane eyes twinkled behind the Crane glasses.

"I lay no claims to having been a good man. If I did, there is a mob of friends to rise and confound me. 'Billy Crane, a good man,' has never been a congenial rôle. I am and have been a man

of the world, with the tastes and pleasures of the type. I've done wrong things, but there has always been one good thing about them: I have known when to stop."

ADA PATTERSON.



From the Sketch Overseer and Employer



The Wife and the Overseer



Simeon sjamboks a Kaffir

SCENES IN "THE SHULAMITE," THE LATEST SUCCESS ON THE LONDON STAGE, AND TO BE SEEN HERE THIS FALL

Simeon Krillet, the Boer farmer, belongs to that class of men who have so firm a belief that the wife should obey the husband in all things, small or great, that, whether they love or not, they do not hesitate to punish by the whip. Thus Simeon, who is really in love with Deborah, his wife, sjamboks her when she crosses his will. For a time she permits this, holding that he is her master; then Robert Waring, the young English overseer on her husband's farm, comes into her life, and she rebels. The next time Simeon raises his whip, she pleads with him, then, as a last resource, asks him whether he would kill her unborn child. From this moment Simeon is all tenderness, but that tenderness turns to hate when Deborah, torn by her remorse and his joy, tells him that she lied, and he goes for his gun to kill her. Then Waring comes on the scene, hears Deborah's story, and goes to find Simeon. Simeon fires at the intruder, and is shot dead. Waring and Deborah take the body out on to the veldt, and cause it to be believed that Simeon, who was supposed to have started on a journey, had been struck by lightning. Then Waring tells Deborah that he is already married, and must return to his dying wife in England, and the twain part. So the play concluded when it was originally produced; now the public desire for a pleasant ending has caused an alteration, and the curtain falls leaving a prospect of future happiness for Deborah and Waring





Warwick Castle, where Richard and Anne held court

The Tower of London, which plays an important part in the tragedy

## Where Shakespeare Set His Stage

\*No. 8. RICHARD III.

IN the play "King Richard III.," as in his other dramas based on the lives of English sovereigns, Shakespeare forsakes the realm of fancy and chooses the most familiar portions of his native country as the setting for his stage. Although this enables one to locate the buildings, sometimes the very rooms, in which the important events of the drama occurred, one is also confronted by some glaring discrepancies.

Take, for example, the opening scene described in the text as "London, a street," and scenes II. and III., laid in another street, and a room in Queen Elizabeth's palace. It is impossible to do otherwise than compromise on a year in which the events were supposed to happen, nor would the difficulty be lessened were a different year to be assigned for each of the three.

In Scene I. Gloucester's opening words: "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this sun of York; in this weak piping time of peace," clearly indicate that the decisive battle of Tewkesbury had been fought and won, hence it was not earlier than 1471. He further speaks of his "plots, inductions dangerous by drunken prophecies, libels and dreams, to set my brother Clarence and the king in deadly hate the one against the other," and shortly his brother Clarence appears upon the scene guarded, and on his way to imprisonment in the Tower. But Clarence was not imprisoned until 1477. Yet, on the other hand, the second scene could

not have occurred later than 1471, the year of King Henry VI.'s death, as his corpse is borne on the stage in this scene. Scene III. should be dated 1477 or 1478, the time of Clarence's imprisonment, but at that time Richard had been married for three or four years to the scornful Anne. Scene IV. shows the death

of Clarence, which occurred in 1478. Acts II. and III. take place in this same year, while the two final acts are comprised in the period elapsing between the murders of the two little princes, probably in August, 1483, and the battle of Bosworth Field, with the death of the wicked king two years later.

Although the chief personage of the drama, Richard is not "King Richard" even by suggestion until well on in the third act, King Edward IV. is prominent all through the earlier scenes, with his queen, Elizabeth Woodville, the widowed Lady Grey, whose husband, Lord Villers, was one of her second husband's most bitter enemies.

There can be few reasonable objections for assuming that one of the opening scenes, one of those two London streets, might have been near the group of old wooden buildings on Holborn, still standing, though destined to have but a few years more of existence. Holywell street is another old one which may suggest itself. The "room in the palace," where Scene III. of the first act takes place, was a room in old Westminster Palace, the London residence of King Edward IV. and his queen. Of this old palace, all that is now standing is the Westminster Hall, said to have been erected



From a photograph

CROSBY HALL, FLEET STREET, LONDON

Once the residence of the Duke of Gloucester, and now occupied as a restaurant

\*Other articles in this series have described the localities of "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Julius Caesar."





Sarony

MARGARET ANGLIN

This popular emotional artist, who had great success with "Zira" last season, will appear next year as an actress manager in association with Henry Miller and Lee Shubert. No less than five companies will be under their joint direction, and Miss Anglin herself will appear in at least half a dozen different plays at the Princess Theatre. Miss Anglin is a Canadian by birth, her father having been Speaker of the House of Parliament in Ottawa. She came to New York about sixteen years ago, and studied at the Wheatcroft school. Her debut on the professional stage was made in "Shenandoah," and later she traveled with Mr. O'Neil in "Monte Cristo." She did not attract any particular attention until Charles Frohman entrusted her with the rôle of Mrs. Dane, in "Mrs. Dane's Defence." She made a great hit in the part and remained for some years leading woman of the Empire Theatre Stock Company.



by William Rufus in 1097, and repaired by King Richard II. in 1398. This hall adjoins the present Houses of Parliament, built on a portion of the land formerly occupied by the old palace buildings. The Tower of London, where is laid the fourth and last scene of this act, is too well known to need more than mention.

Richard describes his own appearance in the first lines of the play in accordance with popular tradition in Shakespeare's time, and this is authorized by his portrait made by Rous, the family priest at Warwick Castle, author and artist. Rous says of him: "He was small of stature, with a short face, and unequal shoulders, the right was higher than the left." His portrait shows him, if not actually deformed, at least with hunched shoulders, high, thick, with hardly any neck.

Scene II. of this first act is purely imaginary. As a matter of fact, so afraid was Anne of her sister's brother-in-law, Richard, that she hid from him, assuming the guise of a servant, and living in a mean house in London to escape him. Yet they had been playmates from childhood, and he was the son of her great aunt. Historians affirm that Richard's attachment for her dated from their childhood, but certainly the lady did not return it. Crosby Palace, whither in this second scene he bids her repair, was his London residence. It was built in 1466 by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman. He died in 1475, when it passed into the Duke of Gloster's hands. The house had varying fortunes after its royal owner's death. For a time part of it was used as a place of worship for the Antimonians, later it became a warehouse. The portion of it still standing is now a popular restaurant, and one dines in the old banquet hall.

There is historical ground for believing that such a scene as the fourth might have occurred in a room in Westminster Palace. Whatever Richard did to set Edward against Clarence, he never openly approved his imprisonment nor his death sentence. His remarks to Queen Elizabeth: "Our brother is imprison'd by your means, myself disgrac'd," were quite in keeping with what history teaches of his character, and the queen's reply that she "never did incense his Majesty against the Duke of Clarence," is probably anything but the truth.

The following scene shows Clarence in his prison, which was the Bowyer tower in the Tower of London. He paints his own character in no pleasant terms to Brakenburg before the entrance of his murderers, even though he declares that all his sins were committed to aid his brother, the king. His recommendation of his "guiltless wife" and his "poor children" to his keeper's mercy is, however, another anachronism, since his wife died long before he was sent to prison, nor when Clarence asks his murderers: "What is my offence? Where is the evidence that doth accuse me? What lawful quest have given their verdict up unto the frowning judge?" is he speaking truthfully? for he was tried and found guilty of treason by a jury of his peers.

The opening scene of the second act, where Edward regrets the death of his brother Clarence who "kill'd no man," is again in Westminster Palace, as is the second scene which follows his death, and whither comes Gloster with false expressions of sympathy. It is resolved to send for the little prince, now Edward V., to Ludlow Castle, where he had been staying and studying under the guardianship of his uncle, Earl Rivers. Then follows a scene in a London street, where three citizens discuss the news of the king's death, and the fourth scene is again in the palace, where the widowed queen expresses her anxiety as to her little son's fate, where she learns of her brother's arrest, that her son is in the power of Gloster, and thereupon with her other children repairs to the sanctuary, "and there lodged in the abbot's palace." The curious little rooms where she took refuge are still shown, and the noble hall where she seated herself in her despair is now used as a dining room for the Westminster school students.

Act III. opens with Richard's entry into London with his little nephew. The child was first taken to the Bishop of Ely's palace, but as this prelate's loyalty was unquestioned, a pretext was found for removing him to the royal apartments in the Tower, which building he never left alive. The second scene shows Hastings led away to the Tower, the third, Queen Elizabeth's brother, Earl Rivers, and her second son by her first marriage, Richard Grey, led to execution at Pomfret, while the third scene, "a room in the Tower," shows Richard laying his schemes for the throne, and in the fourth scene, "on the Tower walls," he continues his aspersions, not only upon the legitimacy of his brother's children, declaring that Edward's marriage to Elizabeth was illegal, since he had been previously married to Lady Lucy—the person he was really said to have married was Eleanor Butler—but even urging his confederates, should that argument fail, to declare that Edward himself was not the son of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, thus aspersing even his own mother's good name.

Opinions differ as to whether it was in Baynard Castle, or in the hall of Crosby House that Richard was first proclaimed king. Baynard Castle had belonged to Richard, but passed into the possession of little King Edward V. It stood in Thames street, but has long since been pulled down, although it is said that portions of its foundations may still be seen at low water. Act IV. seems to follow closely upon this scene, since it shows Queen Elizabeth outside the Tower walls, ignorant of, though suspecting, her little son's peril, and their uncle's plot to usurp the throne. The second scene in this act, in which Richard appears as king, may have taken place in Westminster Hall, where he and Anne were crowned either on June 26, or July 5, 1483. Anne had complained in the preceding scene of her husband Richard's hatred for her, but he shows no such



EVA FAY

Who has had great success on the roof gardens in a question-answering act called Thaumaturgy

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(Continued on page iv.)





Coach in which the players traveled to places off the railroad



Mrs. Spotted Hawk, an Ibsen enthusiast



A typical cow-puncher who enjoyed "Ghosts"

## Playing Ibsen in the Bad Lands

**S**TRANGE shows find strange pastures. But never were the gods of Thespis implored to grant grace to a stranger outfit than that which left St. Paul, Minnesota, to produce Ibsen's "Ghosts" in the Bad Lands.

There are plays and players. The trail of the shekel-seeking manager extends from Maine to Calcutta. The classics mix with the tawdry, and the repertoire star does everything from rapping cocoanut shells to produce the effect of running horses to swinging forth in full tones the eloquence of Shakespeare or the memorable lines of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But imagine "Ghosts," at which expert metropolitan managers shiver, being presented to farmers, cattle punchers, wheat harvesters, cowboys, Indians and gamblers! And yet the company played over fifteen months, appearing nearly two hundred and twenty-five times, and covering over sixteen thousand miles of territory.

Charles A. Gay, who appeared in the Fawcett "Ghosts" company with Mary Shaw, went from New York to St. Paul, and when the company closed in the latter place a business man offered to back a company to be sent over the one-night stands through the wild and woolly section. Mr. Gay accepted the proposition and became manager. Those theatrical people who heard of the intended trip ridiculed the idea of the company staying out longer than a fortnight. Mr. Gay believed, however, that Uncle Tom and Hamlet had become mossborn in the one-night Western stands.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin," he said, and he was right. The touch of nature was found beneath the shaggy mackinaws of the Wisconsin lumbermen, the flannel-protected hunters of the North, the Swedes in the wheat fields, the superstitious gamblers, even the rough cowboys and stolid Indians, to all of whom the grim, morbid story appealed.

True, it was not understood by many. Nearly every place, after the large cities were left behind, resolved itself into an enormous question mark with hundreds of queries as to the why and wherefore of the play. In the wilds of Wisconsin a rough lumber "jack" elbowed his way to the doorkeeper as he entered the playhouse.

"Say, mister!" said he, "do you really have a ghost with y'u?"

When he was informed that the only ghost presented was the ghost of a sordid past he drew his brows to a thick frown, kicked the thin woodwork between the orchestra chairs and the cold Northern air and was ready to shoot holes in the place unless he had his money refunded. He got it.



Mrs. Gay at the grave of Wild Bill, Deadwood, South Dakota



The "Ghosts" company being ferried across the Red River, North Dakota



Indian squaws gambling back of the theatre at Pocatello, Idaho



Red Cloud's squaw holding the brave's pony while he witnesses "Ghosts"



Mrs. Alving at the grave of Calamity Jane, Deadwood, South Dakota



It was in the Dakotas and the wheatlands of the North that the play found its most appreciative audiences, the population being made up largely of Norwegians and Swedes, to whom Ibsen is a household fetish. "Ghosts!" Ibsen! The very names brought the brine of their beloved fjords to their eyes, and the world seemed smaller and in closer touch. Nearly all of them had seen the production in the mother tongue. When the production reached one place in Northern Minnesota the wheat harvesters went on a strike and would not work until the play had passed on.

As to the newspaper notices they were decidedly breezy and original as regards the point of view. Here, for instance, is what the *Morning Appeal* of Carson City, Nevada, said:

Ibsen's Norwegian play of "Ghosts," with one setting of scenery, no music and three knocks with a club on the floor to raise the curtain, was presented last evening. The play is certainly a moral hair-raiser and the stuffing is knocked out of the Decalogue at every turn. Mrs. Alving, the leading lady, who keeps her chin high in the air, has married a moral monstrosity in the shape of a spavined rake and hides it from the world. She wears a pleasant smile and gives society the glad hand and finally lets go all holds when her husband gets gay with the hired girl and gives an old tar three hundred plunks to marry her and stand the responsibility for the expected population.

Oswald, the mother's only boy, is sent to Paris to paint views for marines and takes kindly to the gay life of the capital, where the joy of living is the rage and families are reared in a section where a printer running a job office solely on marriage certificates would hit the poorhouse with a dull thud. Regina, the result of Mr. Alving's attentions to the hired girl, also works in the family and falls in love with the painter boy on his return from Paris. They vote country life too slow and plan to go to Paris and start a family. The doting mother gives her consent, and Pastor Manders, who is throwing fits all through the play, has a spasm. The boy, on being informed that the girl of his choice is his half-sister, throws another, his mamma having also thrown a few in the other act.

Engstrand, who runs a sort of sailor's and soldier's canteen, sets fire to an orphanage, and the boy, who has inherited a sort of mayonnaise dressing brain from his awful dad, tears about the stage in a spell, breaks some furniture and upsets the wine. He finally takes Rough-on-Rats and dies a gibbering idiot, with his mother slobbering over him and trying to figure out in her own mind that he was merely drunk and disorderly.

The players handled the sticky mess as well as could be expected, all being excellent actors. As a sermon on the law of heredity the play is great, but after seeing it we are glad to announce that Haverly's Minstrels will relieve the Ibsen gloom next Monday night.

The "critics" were only on a par, however, with the theatres. Most of them were cold, cheerless halls, and at Harvey, North Dakota, the stage was erected by crossing a number of rough boards over empty beer kegs. There were no footlights and kerosene suspended from the ceiling gave out all the light by which "Ghosts" was visible. But it was sufficient for the populace.

Generally these "theatres" had the stock scenery found in the small towns. But in Colorado an enterprising stage manager was discovered. Incidentally he owned the chief store, post office, town hall, livery, and the theatre. The assistant postmaster was call boy, property man, ticket seller and taker, bill poster and barker for the show. This individual went by the name of Bobbs.

He was a product of the West and he was proud of the fact.

"I want," said Mr. Gay, "a hall tree for the first act."

"Right," said Bobbs, cheerfully.

Towards dusk Bobbs could not be found. He was needed badly, too, because he had the keys to the theatre and it was time

to open up. Finally he was discovered by one of the troupe with a heavy rope around a tree which had evidently been freshly cut from the adjoining timberland.

"What's that tree for?" asked the perplexed Gay when he found Bobbs.

"Didn't you want a hull tree?" he asked. "That's what you asked for."

"No," said the perplexed actor, trying hard not to laugh. "I wanted a hall tree; something to hang clothes on."

"Y'u said y'u wanted a hull tree," said Bobbs doggedly, "an' I went in the woods an' got y'u one. It took me three hours to chop it down an' drag it heah, too. So if that ain't what y'u want—well, there's nothin' else."

That night scene 1, act 1, "Ghosts," was without a hall tree.

From Ouray on, there was trouble. Some of the troupe wanted to blame the ill fortune on a mountain sheep which followed the troupe to the hall from the hotel. But it was later discovered this sheep had become tame through following the bands of the shows which gave street parades in Ouray. Indeed, the house manager at Ouray

could not understand "Ghosts" as a traveling combination at all. Nine-tenths of the shows appearing at Ouray have a band, a street parade and travel in a red-painted car of their own, much after the fashion of the circus performers. So when Impresario Gay and his troupe of famished performers arrived at Ouray the hustling manager of the hall was the first to meet them.

"Where's your car?" he asked.

"Don't travel in one," replied the hungry actor-manager.

"You don't?" shrieked the manager; "where's your band?"

"Haven't any," replied Gay; "this isn't a minstrel show."

"No band!" hopelessly, "and don't you parade?"

"No," said Gay, "this is a legitimate attraction."

"Legitimate be d—d," said the manager. "What kind of business do you expect to do? No band, no car, no parade! How'd you think people know you're alive?"

Then came the Bad Lands in earnest. En route they discovered a magnificent playhouse next the hotel in Two Harbors, Wisconsin, where two bears strolled in every evening about dark to gather their meals from the garbage box at the hotel. Imagine the joy of the feminine members of the cast when, passing to the stage entrance, they came upon Mr. and Mrs. Black Bruin sitting on their haunches licking their chops after a meal.

Crossing from St. Vincent to Pembanaux, North Dakota, the only ferryboat between the towns had become disabled and the troupe were rowed across in a small rowboat while the thermometer dallied interestingly about zero. At Pembanaux the "town orchestra"—i. e., a violin, cornet and piano—was out of commission. The cornetist was off gunning, and there was no other in



CHRISTAL HERNE

Daughter of the well-known dramatist, who has been playing leading rôles with Arnold Daly



the town. An enterprising agent of a pianola concern heard of the predicament and he hurriedly brought a sharp bargain to a close with the management.

"I'll send up one of my pianola machines," said he, "and you can use that for an orchestra. It will answer every purpose and it'll be a good 'ad.' for us, too."

The bargain was closed after Mr. Gay had impressed upon the merchant that only classic music should be played between acts. But when between the first and second acts for an encore the pianola worker started to grind out "The New Bully," Mr. Gay's astonishment almost caused his wig to stand on end. Remonstrance was in vain.

"Well, th' show's purty dreary; an' we gave 'em Chopin's Funeral March for a first s'lection. We thought we ought to wake 'em up," said the agent.

Crossing Iowa a twenty-nine-hour snowstorm was encountered and the bulb showed forty-two below zero for three weeks. "Ghosts" played chiefly to empty benches and cowboys who did not mind the weather. Near Dodge Center a small audience filed in to see the show. The hall was cold and dreary. As Regina, Mrs. Gay robed the part as it was played on Broadway, with a low-necked gown and short sleeves. So cold that she became almost numb, a woman in the front row noticed her condition and tapped her escort on the arm.

Immediately his hand went to his hip pocket and he drew—not a gun—but a well-filled bottle containing fire water.

"Here," said he, "missy, drink that. It'll warm y'u up."

Fortunately the falling curtain saved what would otherwise have been an unexpected climax.

Through West Pierre, South Dakota, on to the Black Hills, journeyed the troupe, the rowdies from Fort Pierre getting in a battle with the crowd from West Pierre because Regina had been more intently occupied on the side of the stage near the latter. Guns were drawn and for a while it looked



Marceau

GRACE ELLISTON

Who originated the rôle of Shirley Rossmore in "The Lion and the Mouse," and who will continue to play the part next season

dangerous. But the trouble was averted so far as the interior of the hall was concerned. Later it was fought out on the road.

Close by in the Black Hills was the grave of Calamity Jane, known otherwise as the Sage Hen, an intrepid guide and scout whose name is prominent in the wild annals of the West. From a national character she reached that level where, to quote her own words, she was "slinging beer in a vulgarity shop," meaning she was a waitress in a Western concert hall. Buried near Deadwood, her grave is within sight of the cabin she occupied where she once played seven-up with a male friend to determine what the name of her baby should be. She lost.

The gamblers in Wyoming gave "Ghosts" a wide berth. There was something in the ti-

tle that made them think hard luck was near. As one expressed himself: "It's all right, I guess, but nixie for me. I've been up against it too tough this week to take a chance on a show with a name like that." But the cowboys, and they were plentiful, were glad to see "Ghosts" as a decided change from the "East Lynnes," "Uncle Tomers," and "Hamlets" that stalked in between poor burlesque entertainment for thirty-five weeks of the year.

On to Colorado was the cry after the Great American Desert was crossed, and Colorado proved formidable enough to submit to "Ghosts." At Crede, almost

the very first stop—where Bob Ford of Jesse James fame met his death—the audience entered with pistols in sight, and the way they handled them did not at all prove to the liking of the troupe. Incidentally, a half drunken cowboy formed a strong desire to ride in the theatre on his burro. He was stopped only on account of the entrance proving too small, and, fortunately, because it was up several stairs. Later "Moonshine Mose" recovered his sanity, his good humor, and finally consented to pose the following morning for a snapshot, as being the only man who

(Continued on p. v.)



Gilbert &amp; Bacon



Otto Sarony



STELLA MAYHEW, WHO PLAYS MARIE DRESSLER ROLES AT WEBER'S MUSIC HALL, IN THREE CHARACTERISTIC POSES

Miss Mayhew is best known to New York theatregoers for her work on the New Amsterdam Theatre Roof last summer when she succeeded Fay Templeton in the star rôle of "The Whole Damm Family." This last season Miss Mayhew was a co-star with Joseph Cawthorne in "Fritz of Tammany Hall," and when that show closed its season she began starring in "Coming Thro' the Rye"



## Ernest Lawford and His Art

A YOUNG actor came to this country from England a year or so ago. He was unheralded and no one knew what he could do, but within a surprisingly short time he stamped his individuality upon local dramatic affairs in no uncertain way.



ERNEST LAWFORD

terrible as a child's most disordered dream. Some day "The Coronet of the Duchess" will be revamped into a new play, and it is within the possibilities that the ducal rôle will become the star one, for it was Clyde Fitch who discovered the young Englishman and brought him to America, and Clyde Fitch is ever true to his players.

Between these extremes of interpretation came other rôles, some possible, some impossible, but the young actor from Yorkshire imbued them all with intelligence and spirit. As the young curate in "Candida" and the college boy in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" he created pleasing and memorable boyish types.

Like most players who get to the top of their profession Ernest Lawford has traveled the long, hard way to success via the provinces, and he has not even disdained, in his evolution, the humble music hall. Incidental to his progress was a threefold appearance of his on the London boards nightly for many weeks. In London the one-act opening play is a favorite institution. To supply the demand for such a play at the Garrick Cecil Raleigh wrote "The Secret of Keef." Mr. Lawford was cast for a part in it as he was for the succeeding play

of the night, "Teresa," by George Bancroft. In "Teresa" it was his dramatic duty to die in the first act. This gave him an opportunity to hurry himself into street clothes, toss himself into a cab and make off to the Tivoli, where he appeared in a sketch by Basil Hood called "Apron Strings." Into street clothes and a cab again and Mr. Lawford returned to the Garrick in time to impersonate his own corpse, that of the character as which he had died earlier in the evening.

He was born at Doncaster, Yorkshire, a little more than thirty years ago. He came to the stage by that insecure route, amateur theatricals. It was through his management of an amateur entertainment for Princess Mary of Teck, for which the Princess rewarded him with a ring, that he became imbued with the same degree of confidence in his talents that was shown by the audiences and the Princess Mary, and although he was articled to a barrister in London subsequently, his objective point was always the stage. While he was still attached to the barrister's office he had an opportunity to entertain Jewish workingmen's clubs, and for his monologues received three and sixpence, or about eighty-seven cents a night.

His actual professional début was in the village hall at Addleston, where he played Macari in "Our Boys," and a small part in "The Private Secretary," pirated provincially as "The Librarian." For his services to the drama he received thirty shillings, or seven and a half dollars a week.

His first London appearance was with Mrs. Langtry in a revival of "As You Like It," in which he played Le Beau. His next en-



Otto Sarony Co.

AS HOOK IN "PETER PAN"



AS THE DUKE IN "THE CORONET OF THE DUCHESS"



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AS HOOK, THE PIRATE, IN "PETER PAN"





From the Sketch

EDNA MAY IN "THE BELLE OF MAYFAIR" AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, LONDON

agement was in Arthur Bouchier's "Your Wife." In this company were Mr. Bouchier and Annie Irish. Having attracted much attention by his eccentric comedy work in this play, the young actor dreamed that he was a London favorite. But he had reckoned without London precedent. While it takes one hit to make a New York favorite, in London it requires at least six. Mr. Lawford's next engagement was with a province touring company in Grundy's play "The Village Priest," in which he played a convict.

Like most young players in England he had his engagement with Ben Greet, and he went later to Frank Benson and played in Shakespearian and classic drama. Benson, once a name laughed at as the representative of theatrical freakishness, has since come to be the badge of careful training worn by some of the best players in England.

Mr. Lawford joined the company that played Beerbohm Tree's production of "A Woman of No Importance," he playing Lord Alfred Rufford. He was the original Charley in "Charley's Aunt" on tour. He went to the Drury Lane to play a part in "The Derby Winner," known in this country as "The Sporting Duchess." He followed this success by playing in Jerome K. Jerome's "A Prude's Progress." He was one of the members of Miss Fortescue's company for a time.

During the wearily recurring provincial tours Mr. Lawford's salary was frequently the English equivalent of twenty dollars. He endured all the hardships incident to the provinces and limited salary. One, which he recalls with painful distinctness, was that after dining in some of the tiny hostelries in the country, the landlady asked and received permission to bathe her infant in the large general room that was office, dining room and parlor to the tired Thespians.

But brighter days were coming, the days when "Lawford parts" became a much used phrase among London theatre-goers,

as identifying certain distinctive light comedy rôles. He played Lord Alfred Restaven in Cecil Raleigh's "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" for a year. He created Mr. Saxonby in "The White Heather." He enjoyed a day in Ruritania when he played in "Rupert of Henzau" in the afternoon and a revival of "The Prisoner of Zenda" in the evening. He joined "The Ambassador" cast, in which were Julie Opp and Fay Davis. He was engaged by Nat C. Goodwin to play the rôle of one of the convivial young men in "When We Were Twenty-One." Mr. Goodwin asked him to come to America with him, but Mr. Lawford went instead to the Royalty Theatre to play in "Lyre and Lancet."

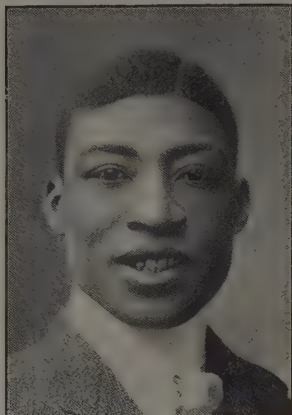
Clyde Fitch, having heard of the young Englishman from N. C. Goodwin, wrote him to call. Mr. Fitch was a half hour late and the two talked of a future in America in the twenty minutes while Mr. Fitch was hurrying to the train. A letter followed and Mr. Lawford came to America and played Lal in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson." He succeeded Ferdinand Gottschalk in "The Climbers" and played Mr. Lindsay in "A Modern Magdalen." He was Poppy in "Major André's" run of nine nights, and played the young nobleman in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine."

He joined his fate with Arnold Daly's for a time and played the young curate in "Candida," and the lieutenant in "A Man of Destiny." Most of these appearances were in that vague land of indeterminate boundaries, the road. It was as the Duke of Sunden in "The Coronet of a Duchess" that he became a New York favorite; although the play itself was exceedingly short lived, Lawford was never forgotten. Mr. Lawford knows the full force of the phrase "a run of hard luck," for in "The Rich Mrs. Repton," which appeared for four consecutive nights, and "A Wife Without a Smile," he was briefly cast. His Hook, the pirate, is one of the most taxing as well as one of the most successful of this one-time English, now avowedly American, actor's rôles.



# The Real "Coon" on the American Stage

By GEORGE W. WALKER



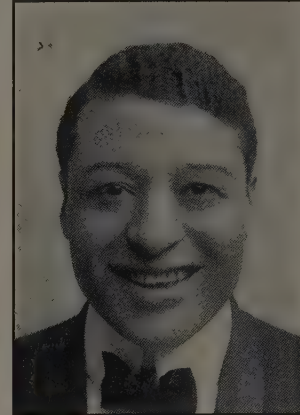
White, N. Y.  
GEORGE W. WALKER

THE stage has always fascinated me. To stand before the footlights and entertain large audiences has ever been the dream of my life. When but a lad, I joined a company of amateur colored minstrels in my native town, Lawrence, Kansas. There were thirteen of us, but I cannot say that we had bad luck. We gave annual performances, and were always well patronized, and our net receipts from the box were usually

in that way as no white boy could, made me valuable to the quack doctors as an advertising card.

When I reached San Francisco, I left the quacks and went around the theatres and music halls looking for employment. While hanging around one day I saw a gaunt fellow over six feet, of orange hue and about 18 years of age, leaning on a banjo, haggling with a manager—that was Bert A. Williams. He was stage struck, too! We got a job together at seven dollars a week each. That was about fifteen years ago. We have had many ups and downs since those days, but still we hang together.

When we were not working we frequented the playhouses just the same. In those days black-faced white comedians were numerous and very popular. They billed themselves "coons." Bert and I watched the white "coons," and were often much amused at



White, N. Y.  
BERT A. WILLIAMS

gratifying. Negro minstrels, organized and put on the road by white men, soon after the emancipation of the Southern slaves, were very successful throughout the Northern and Western States, but hardly anyone was optimistic enough in those early days of the black man on the American stage to believe that he would ever rise above being a mere minstrel man. I started out with the idea that it was possible for the black performer to do better. My associates shared my views to some extent, but to most of them the future offered little encouragement, and the longer I remained at home the more impossible it seemed for me ever to realize my ambition. So I left Lawrence and went West to California. I did not make the trip in a single leap, but made my way from Lawrence to San Francisco by easy stages.

In those days—about 18 years ago—the West was not so up-to-date as it is now. The Westerners were good-hearted, but a bit rough and ready. I had to rough it, and rough it I did. But I got there, and that was the main thing.

There were many quack doctors doing business in the West. They traveled from one town to another in wagons, and gave shows in order to get large crowds of people together, so as to sell medicine. When a boy, I was quite an entertainer. I could sing and dance, and was good at face-making, beating the tambourine, and rattling the bones. I was not lacking in courage, and I did not hesitate to ask the quacks for a job. First one and then the other hired me. When we arrived in a town and our show started I was generally the first to attract attention. I would mount the wagon and commence to sing and dance, make faces, and tell stories, and rattle the bones.

My experience with the quack doctors taught me two good lessons: that white people are always interested in what they call "darker" singing and dancing; and the fact that I could entertain

seeing white men with black cork on their faces trying to imitate black folks. Nothing about these white men's actions was natural, and therefore nothing was as interesting as if black performers had been dancing and singing their own songs in their own way.

There were many more barriers in the way of the black performer in those days than there are now, because, with the exception of the negro minstrels, the black entertainer was little known throughout the Northern and Western States. The opposition on account of racial and color prejudices and the white comedians who "blackened up" stood in the way of the natural black performer, and petty jealousies common among professional people also greatly retarded the artistic progress of the Afro-American.

How to get before the public and prove what ability we might possess was a hard problem for Williams and Walker to solve. We thought that as there seemed to be a great demand for black faces on the stage, we would do all we could to get what we felt

belonged to us by the laws of nature. We finally decided that as white men with black faces were billing themselves "coons," Williams and Walker would do well to bill themselves the "Two Real Coons," and so we did. Our bills attracted the attention of managers, and gradually we made our way in.

After playing for a pretty good run at the Midway Theatre, in San Francisco, our eyes were turned toward the East, and our



White, N. Y.  
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ambition was to make ourselves known in New York City. We succeeded in getting booked East, and finally landed in New York.

As the "Two Real Coons" we made our first hit in New York while playing at Koster and Bial's. Long before our run terminated we discovered an important fact, viz.: the one hope of the colored performer must be in making a radical departure from the old "darker" style of singing and dancing. So we set ourselves the task of thinking along new lines.

The first move was to hire a flat in Fifty-third street, furnish it, and throw our doors open to all colored men who possessed theatrical and musical ability and ambition. The Williams and Walker flat soon became the headquarters of all artistic young men of our race who were stage-struck. Among those who frequented our home were: Messrs. Will Marion Cook, Harry T. Burleigh, Bob Cole and Billy Johnson, J. A. Shipp, the late Will Accoo, a man of much musical ability, and many others whose names are well known in the professional world. We also entertained the late Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet, who wrote lyrics for us. By having these men around us we had an opportunity to study the musical and theatrical ability of the most talented members of our race.

At that stage of the development of Williams and Walker, we saw that the colored performer would have to get away from the ragtime limitations of the "darker," and we decided to make the break, so as to save ourselves and others.

In 1893, natives from Dahomey, Africa, were imported to San Francisco to be exhibited at the Midwinter Fair. They were late in arriving in time for the opening of the Fair, and Afro-Americans were employed and exhibited for native Dahomians. Williams and Walker were among the sham native Dahomians. After the arrival of the native Africans, the Afro-Americans were dismissed. Having had free access to the Fair grounds, we were permitted to visit the natives from Africa. It was there, for the first time, that we were brought into close touch with native Africans, and the study of those natives interested us very much. We were not long in deciding that if we ever reached the point of having a show of our own, we would delineate and feature native African characters as far as we could, and still remain American, and make our acting interesting and entertaining to American audiences.

Many of the themes from which some of our best lyrics have been written are purely African. We were the first to introduce the Americanized African songs: for instance, "My Zulu Babe," "My Castle on the Nile," "My Dahomian Queen." From the time we commenced to feature such songs, not only the popularity of Williams and Walker, but that of the colored performer in general has been on the increase. I have no hesitation in stating that the departure from what was popularly known as the American "darker" ragtime limitations to native African characteristics has helped greatly to increase the value of the black performer on the American stage.

Managers gave but little credit to the ability of black people on the stage before the native African element was introduced. All that was expected of a colored performer was singing and

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dancing and a little story telling, but as for acting, no one credited a black person with the ability to act. With a show behind us, Williams and Walker were able to put a premium on Cake-walking, and at one time, in 1902 and 1903, we had all New York and London doing the Cake-walk.

Black-faced white comedians used to make themselves look as ridiculous as they could when portraying a "darker" character. In their "make-up" they always had tremendously big red lips, and their costumes were frightfully exaggerated. The one fatal result of this to the colored performers was that they imitated the white performers in their make-up as "darkies." Nothing seemed more absurd than to see a colored man making himself ridiculous in order to portray himself.

My partner, Mr. Williams, is the first man that I know of our race to attempt to delineate a "darker" in a perfectly natural way, and I think much of his success is due to this fact.

There is an artistic side to the black race, and if it could be properly developed on the stage, I believe the theatre-going public would profit much by it. Williams and Walker have labored hard to bring to the front people of their race who possess theatrical, musical, and some artistic ability, and among our most earnest and faithful co-workers, Messrs. J. A. Shipp and Alex. Rogers stand foremost. The love, the humor, and the pathos of the black race in this country afford a field for wide study, and I am sure the stage is the place where the character of the African race can be studied from a real artistic point of view, with special advantages to all lovers of music and theatrical art.

#### Sardou's Latest Play

The story of Victorien Sardou's new play, "La Piste," is thus described in *The Stage* (of London):

"The plot hinges upon the concealment from her second husband, M. Revillon, of an intrigue his wife had carried on during the period she was living with her first husband, M. Jobelin, from whom, on the grounds of incompatibility of temper, she had been divorced. Revillon, in turning over some papers in a writing table one day, comes across a torn telegram, which, presuming it to be addressed to his wife, casts suspicion upon her. He shows her the telegram, to which she appears to attach no importance, declaring that she had bought this particular piece of furniture at the Hotel Druot at the sale of a well-known demi-mondaine. Revillon then exchanges ideas about it with a cousin, who, being sceptical about the virtue of women, tells him it looks more like a message sent to a lady in society, seeing that a husband is mentioned. Revillon's doubts still further increase when Gilberte Loyssel, a sister of Mme. Revillon, comes in and remarks upon the disorder in which her grandmother's desk has been put. Here, of course, is proof of a distinct lie on the part of Florence respecting the table, and her husband now feels convinced that the telegram was one sent to her. He straightway taxes her with having deceived him, and as she has, in the interim, heard from her brother-in-law of the remark made by her sister, she frankly owns the truth, declaring, as indeed was the case, that it all referred to the days of her first marriage. The only way that now seems to her possible for the complete reassurance of her husband is to induce M. Jobelin to say he knew of his wife's infidelity, but then Revillon naturally wonders why infidelity was not charged in the pleading for divorce. In company with her sister, Florence calls upon M. Jobelin, who promises to do as he is asked, and when the two friends Revillon commissions to make inquiries of M. Jobelin are announced the ladies retire to an adjoining room, whilst the requisite assurance is given to MM. Potard and Loyssel. Instead, however, of waiting in the street, Revillon himself comes upon the scene, and upon hearing her husband's expression of incredulity, Florence and her sister also enter the room, as if they had only just come into the house. It looks, after a few assurances from Florence, as if Revillon believes what he has heard, when the sister blunders again by telling Florence, who looks for her little satchel, that she has left it in the other room, clearly showing this to be their second visit. Revillon persisting in his intention to have indisputable proof that the intrigue was anterior to his own marriage, Florence, who loves her husband devotedly, sees no other way but for them to go to the hotel at Garches, where she passed two days with her lover, and obtain verification from the proprietor. Finally, the unhappy woman's grief at her inability to prove the truth of what she advances convinces Revillon that the reputation for truth she has always had amongst her friends is fully deserved.



## The Problem of the Playwright

(Continued from page 212.)

matism personæ was a dramatist, whose play during the action of this play itself had been tried and failed, and while this was being shown, subconsciously you became aware that the audience was saying to itself, "I wonder if that poor fellow's play was any worse than this one?"

Placing a play requires infinitely more skill, tact, and knowledge of human nature than in the writing of it. It is a good thing to know as many actors as possible. If you can get an actor interested in a part for himself, and he seldom sees anything else in the play except this, he may talk to the manager about the play, and thus a ripple of interest is created that may be a valuable asset. Do not send a play to a manager or star without permission, and best of all, send about 2,000 (or less) typewritten words, which shall show the proposition out of which the play is made, and if this should appeal to star or manager, he will quickly send for the play to ascertain how you have treated it. This saves a world of time, and is surer of immediate attention than four folios of MS. The beginner will discover, too, that there is something more than even having one's play well thought of by the manager, who has the necessary capital and the desire to invest his money. Can the manager get a route? A well authenticated story tells the tale of a rich amateur who had composed an opera, and who wished to back the venture with \$30,000 of his own money, and accordingly laid this proposition before a well-known manager.

"Have you a route booked?" asked the latter, coming at once to the business side of the deal. The amateur did not even know what "route" meant, and was much pained to learn that it is far from being the dramatic or musical composition on its merits alone that sees the footlights. There are other complications, and the word "syndicate" stands for most of it. It takes time for the beginner to understand these conditions, and to learn to seek the acquaintance of the managers who stand well with the syndicate, and that the others do not figure. Nevertheless, it is impossible for the beginner to secure the consideration of his play by the most important managers. He may be sure that his lucubrations will never reach their hands, but will be turned over to the professional playreader. No one has ever heard of a manager who produced a play upon the advice of a professional playreader, and yet plays cannot be given to shoemakers for consideration, and if managers were to read a tithe of the manuscripts submitted, they would have no time even to sleep. Therefore, the beginner is compelled to seek out the smaller manager, even if he be irresponsible, for he at least will personally read his play. And, although, if he produces it, he may forget you, as soon as he reaches the "tall grass," sometimes called "one-night stands," and omit to remit royalties, this is after all a mere detail. Never mind non-payment of royalties, or that the manager finally believes that he has written the play himself and leaves your name off the posters and programmes. Be acted. No matter how bad the play may turn out to be, it will have some redeeming features, and you will learn, if you possess a mind open to conviction, from your mistakes what *not* to do the next time.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

### Ideal Municipal Theatre

The Freiburg Municipal Theatre is considered by the citizens as almost as important an educational institution as the city schools. The municipality, therefore, each year contributes liberally towards its maintenance. Some of the actors are engaged as teachers of elocution in the elementary schools, and everything possible is done to encourage the children to take an interest in the masterpieces of dramatic literature. There is practically no religious prejudice against the local theatre, and Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews alike are among its most enthusiastic supporters.—*Tageblatt*.

### Sardou and Ibsen

There is life in Sardou, and there is, one must always remember, plot in Ibsen. Contemporary masters as they are, both have starved for their art, both achieved fame after desperate struggles and almost overwhelming failure. Experience has, it is curious to notice, laden the message of both with bitter satire. Above all, both are supreme masters of dramatic construction, and it is in this that each teaches a very necessary lesson to the young dramatists of our own day, who are only too prone to forget the dignity and importance of "mere stage-craft."—*Daily Chronicle*.

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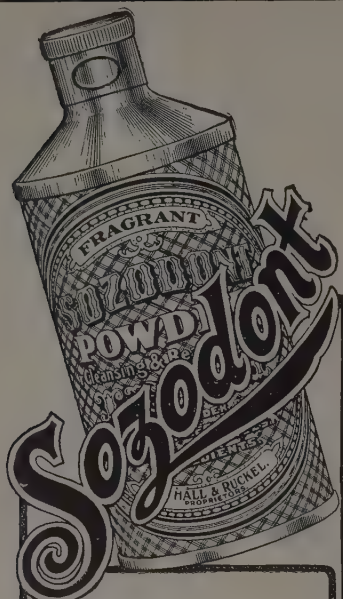
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## Where Shakespeare Set His Stage

(Continued from page 218.)

sentiments in this scene. The third scene brings in Tyrrel, after his hirelings, John Dighton, his own horse keeper, and Miles Forest, one of the royal boys' keepers, have murdered the little princes, and this is believed to have occurred in August of the same year. It was about this time that Anne went to Warwick Castle with her little son and her nephew, the son of Clarence, to whom the castle belonged. Here Richard joined her, and they held court with great magnificence until their re-coronation in York, some time in September. It was therefore not true, at the time of Scene III., that as Richard said: "My wife Anne hath bid the world good-night." Her death and that of their son occurred in March, 1485, so Scene IV. of the fourth act takes place after that date. It is in this scene before the palace that Richard requests Queen Elizabeth for the hand of her daughter Elizabeth, and urges in favor of his suit:

"If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter."

Queen Elizabeth raises but mild objections to this horrid match, although it is true that objections would have availed her little. Indeed, history shows that the marriage would doubtless have taken place had not the king's trusted counsellors dissuaded him, declaring that it would so outrage popular feeling that he finally abandoned the idea.

Save for the short first scene of Act V., laid at Salisbury, and dealing with Buckingham led off to execution, the remaining scenes at Tamworth and Bosworth Field deal with Richard's struggle against Richmond, soon to be Henry VII. In the second scene, where the rival princes are represented slumbering in their tents, Shakespeare introduces ghosts, the spirits of the many people for whose murders Richard is responsible, a gruesome company.

The final scene of the drama shows the battlefield of Bosworth, where Richard, scorning to fly, even to save his life, falls dead—though not on the stage—pierced by many wounds, and the crown is taken from his dead brow and placed on the head of the Tudor king, Henry VII., who less than a year later married Richard's proposed bride, the Princess Elizabeth as well. Richard's body was borne to Leicester, and there the nuns of the Grey Friars, whom he had befriended begged his corpse and buried it in their chapel.

ELISE LATHROP.

## Stephen Phillips' Next Drama

Mr. Stephen Phillips, says the *Critic*, has his eagle eye on Ireland as a dramatic possibility. He will first probably write a drama on "Faust" for Mr. Alexander, and when that is finished he will take up an Irish theme. Mr. Phillips, in a recent interview, is quoted as saying:

"People may say that blank-verse tragedy is not wanted. I can only point to the fact that my tragedies have succeeded. They have been, I think I can claim, works of pure and genuine art, and they have 'made money.' They have not only 'made money' on the stage. I do not wish to appear boastful, or to challenge Mr. Hall Caine, but it may be interesting to remember that, as books, they have been more profitable than an average novel. As a matter of fact, I do not think this is merely a matter of myself. It seems to me that it is but part of a movement of poetic revival in the drama all over Europe."

Mr. Phillips is correct as to the revival of interest in the poetic drama, and he is not the only poet who is writing drama for the stage.

## A Bill from Shakespeare

A cable despatch to the *New York World* says that Shakespearean scholars are deeply interested in the discovery made by Sidney Lee in the Duke of Portland's family archives. In 1613 Shakespeare supplied the then Earl of Rutland with a design for his "impress," a miniature hieroglyphic, or pictorial composition, denoting some marked characteristic of the owner—a fad affected by the nobility of the period. It was not known hitherto that Shakespeare added to his income by such work. He received in this instance 43 shillings (about \$10.75). He is described on the receipted bill as "Mr. Shakespeare," which proves that he was accorded the prefix of gentility not given to any other author of his time.

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## Playing Ibsen in the Bad Lands

(Continued from page 227.)

ever found sufficient nerve to attempt to ride in  
 a theatre to see "Ghosts."

In Crede while the men brought their guns to  
 the playhouse the boys brought their dogs, and it  
 was quite usual for the animals to prowl on the  
 stage, either between acts or even during the  
 performance. Indeed, the last scene of the play  
 was enhanced decidedly when Oswald, seeing the  
 rising sun, gasping for breath, pleads for it.

"The sun! The sun!" he exclaimed.

"Come here, Tige," broke in the harsh voice  
 of a small boy. And just in time, too, for a  
 mangy cur, attracted by the strange light of the  
 rising sun, was creeping stealthily to the stage. It  
 would have been an innovation indeed for Oswald  
 to have died with a mysterious "purp" squatting at  
 his feet.

Oswald drew a long breath when the curtain  
 fell.

The trip was without incident until Fort Col-  
 lins was reached. There, for the first time, finan-  
 cial difficulties were encountered. Money, real  
 spendable coin of the realm, was as scarce as the  
 proverbial hen's teeth. The section is busily en-  
 gaged in raising potatoes. It is one of the great  
 potato-raising belts of the West. But there had  
 been an oversupply, and there were, to quote Mr.  
 Gay, "more potatoes in that place than I had be-  
 lieved could be grown in one section." There  
 were potatoes everywhere, and were willingly  
 sold at the almost unbelievable price of ten cents  
 for one hundred pounds; for that is how the  
 product is handled out that way.

Money was so scarce, the house manager of the  
 theatre did not want to give a performance.

"It's no use," said he, "nobody will come, be-  
 cause they haven't any money. Now, if you're  
 willing to take potatoes for your sale of seats,  
 well and good; but I don't think much of it;  
 because you'd have to take five hundred pounds  
 of potatoes for a good seat, and where would you  
 put all your receipts if you had a crowded house?  
 There wouldn't be room enough here to store them."

Not over anxious to corner the visible supply  
 of potatoes in Colorado, Mr. Gay reluctantly  
 enough gave up the idea of giving a performance.

Into Nebraska went "Ghosts." There the red  
 men were encountered, and the troupe had a  
 splendid time of it. At Genoa, however, the large-  
 est town played, "Ghosts" was booked to appear  
 the same night the Indian Band at the College  
 was to give a concert. Realizing the entire popu-  
 lation would attend the concert, Mr. Gay  
 promptly struck a bargain with the Indian Band  
 to perform before and after the performance, and  
 during the intermissions, and to split receipts of  
 the double offering. There was a tremendous  
 crowd, and the band struck some very uncanny  
 melodies between acts that fitted excellently with  
 the desired atmosphere.

The red men and their squaws took to Ibsen  
 most heartily. Many of the older bucks did not  
 understand it any better than many of their pale-  
 faced brethren in the East, but they grunted ap-  
 proval often, and the younger people applauded  
 most vigorously.

Finally the tour ended. Out nearly nine months,  
 a tired, anxious-to-rest troupe entered Chicago,  
 almost a year after they had left St. Paul. They  
 were not very rich as to salary, but oh, what a  
 wealth of experiences they had collected!

JOSEPH DANNENBURG.

## A Suggestion

To the Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Will you accept the following suggestion from  
 a subscriber? Often in referring to a review of  
 a play or to the illustrations of scenes in a play  
 I am compelled to go over each page of a large  
 number of issues. Why not in the table of con-  
 tents each month have two additional headings  
 thus, *Plays Reviewed*, and *Plays Illustrated*, giv-  
 ing under each head the plays thus treated. It  
 would be a wonderful convenience to your sub-  
 scribers and would mean the loss of only about  
 two inches of advertising space.

HARRY M. JACKSON.

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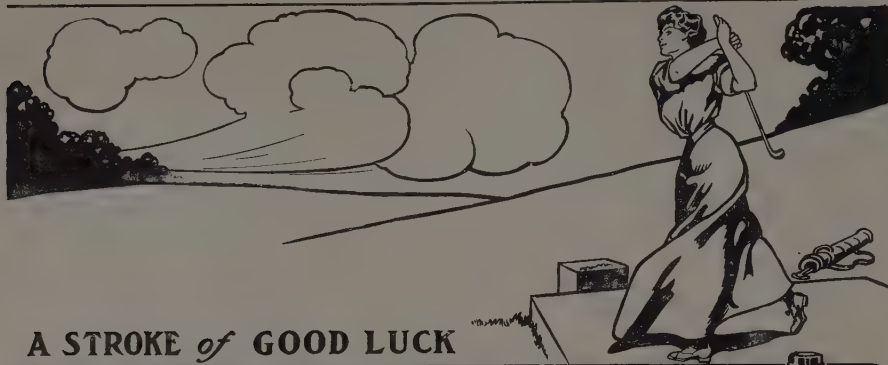
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## Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries of our readers' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

"Strongheart."—Q.—Will you give a short sketch of Robert Edson? A.—An interview with him was published in the THEATRE for December, 1902. See also July, 1906, issue.

Vera T. Curtis, Boston.—Q.—Will you kindly tell me in what back numbers of the THEATRE I may find photos of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, also articles contributed by that artist? A.—Photos of Mme. Bernhardt have appeared in the "Players' Gallery," as the first issues of this magazine were called in 1901, and in the October and December numbers of that year; in the September and November numbers for 1905. No articles by Mme. Bernhardt have appeared in this magazine. An article on her appearance in "Francesca da Rimini" appeared in the July, 1902, number. See interview in July, 1906, issue.

W. B. X., Los Angeles, Cal.—Q.—Where can I obtain copies of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," of Shaw's "Man and Superman," "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and Ibsen's plays. A.—They may be obtained from any book stores. Q.—Will you publish pictures of Florence Roberts? A.—Pictures of her appeared in the November, 1901, and March, 1904, and May and June, 1906, numbers of the THEATRE.

M., New York.—Q.—In what numbers have scenes of "The Music Master," and "Du Barry" appeared? A.—Six scenes from the former in November, 1904; of "Du Barry" in the February, May and September numbers, 1902, and of Mrs. Leslie Carter as Du Barry in March, 1903. Q.—Where can I buy souvenir books with scenes and pictures of actors and actresses of the different plays? A.—Write to the managers who produced these plays.

Anxious.—Q.—Will you please inform me what I must do to have an actor play a certain piece by request? A.—The only thing to do is to write and make this request of either the actor himself or his manager. It seems hardly necessary to add that it is extremely doubtful if your request will be granted.

Center, Idaho.—Q.—I am six feet three inches tall and weigh about 150 pounds. Am I too tall to apply for a position in the chorus of some first-class comic opera or musical comedy? A.—While undoubtedly such height is something of a drawback, yet on the other hand managers often want extra tall men for the chorus of certain comic operas or musical comedies. It depends largely upon the subject and the characters. Certainly it would not be impossible to secure such a position.

E. H., Keith's Theatre, Boston.—Q.—Have you ever published on the cover of the THEATRE a colored portrait of the late Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, and, if so, where can I obtain one? A.—We have not.

A Subscriber, Brooklyn.—Q.—What was the cast of the Henrietta Crossman Co. in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs"? A.—Sir Jasper Standish, John E. Keller; Col. Henry Villiers, Edwin Stevens; Capt. Spicer, Frank H. Westerton; Lord Verney, Chas. Hammond; Capt. Denis O'Hara, R. Peyton Carter; The Bishop of Bath and Wells, H. Rees Davis; Lady Standish, Katherine Florence (afterwards Fanchon Campbell); Lady Marie Prideaux, Louise Moody; Lady Bab Flyte, Edith Crane (afterwards Alida Cortelyou); Mrs. Bate Coombs, Genevieve Reynolds, and Kitty Bellairs, Henrietta Crossman, were the chief members of the cast.

A Constant Reader.—Q.—Who will Eleanor Robson have as her leading man in her next play? A.—Miss Robson's leading man is now Frank Worthing.

L. E. J., Boston. Q.—Is Seymour Hicks coming to this country? A.—He was here some years ago; we have not heard of another visit.

A. D.—Read W. T. Price's "Technique of the Drama," and Hennequin's "Art of Playwriting." Schools for such instruction are advertised, chiefly teaching by correspondence. The only way to dispose of manuscript plays is by persistent effort to get them read.

James, New York.—Lionel Barrymore is the elder of the two Barrymore brothers.

F. C. Darnsky, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Q.—Please give me the name of some good firm that handles pictures of theatrical celebrities. A.—Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, this city.

M. E.—Q.—Is Florence Reed that lady's real name? A.—It is. She is the daughter of the late Roland Reed. Lila Bess Olin.—Q.—Who played Aeneas in "The She Stoops to Conquer" with Stuart Robson about five years ago? A.—Twelve years ago Mrs. Stuart Robson played this rôle with her husband. Is not this the performance to which you refer?

F. Beutel, Chicago.—Q.—Has Viola Allen ever written in the series, "My Beginnings"? A.—Yes, see the April issue. Q.—Is Mary Manning an American actress? A.—She is not, she is English. Q.—What was her most successful play? A.—This is difficult to say. She was very successful in "The Walls of Jericho." She won her present popularity with the old Lyceum stock company.

Lillian Moore.—Q.—Kindly inform me what is the title of the new play Chauncey Olcott is going to produce this August, the author being Theodore Burt Sayre. Also where is he going to start his tour? A.—The new play is called "Eileen Asthore." "Edmund Burke" was seen at the Majestic Theatre this winter, and was also taken on the road.

E. J. A.—To settle a controversy, will you inform us whether the American Academy of Dramatic Arts is a private institution and whether it receives financial aid from the State? A.—It is a private institution; it does not.

Alice Adger.—An interview with Kyrle Bellew appeared in this magazine for June, 1902. This will doubtless give you the information that you want. Q.—Will you tell me something about H. Rees Smith, and if you have ever interviewed him? A.—We have not interviewed him. Mr. Smith is an English actor who boasts the distinction of having played one part the greatest number of consecutive times that one rôle was ever performed in London. This was in "Charley's Aunt." He has appeared for a number of years in that city in "The Private Secretary," "Betsy," "Our Boys," "Sweet Lavender," etc. He has been seen in many productions in this country, with Cissie Loftus in "The Serio-Comic Governess," with Ethel Barrymore in "Capt. Jinks," in "An African Millionaire," and last winter in "The Marriage of William Ash" and in Donald MacLaren's play "The Redskin."

R. P., Jr., Waterbury, Conn.—Q.—Will you tell me whether Bernhardt has been playing in French altogether, or has she appeared in any plays in English? A.—In French exclusively.



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C. J. C. A., Washington, D. C.—Q.—Will you give me a list of books that I could read, which would be of interest to one anticipating joining the theatrical profession? A.—Read Shakespeare's dramas, Ibsen's plays, lives of great actors of the past, recent autobiographies and modern dramas of the authors of different nationalities.

V. A. C.—Q.—Was Jobyna Howland, now in "The Ham Tree," ever in "Winsome Winnie"? A.—We do not think so. Q.—Who was the leading man with the "Winsome Winnie" Company the first season? A.—The tenor was William T. Carleton. Send to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, this city, for the photographs you wish.

Fantana.—We are not yet informed of Frank Rushworth's plans for next season. He has appeared in "The Red Feather" with Grace Van Studdiford, and has also supported Anna Held. His photographs may be obtained by writing to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, this city.

A Constant Reader, Worcester, Mass.—Q.—Can a person entering upon a stage career keep her own personality? A.—Why not? Q.—What is the greatest difficulty in attaining success as an actor or actress? A.—First, lack of talent; second, lack of opportunity. Q.—Will Clara Blandick appear in "Raffles" after this season, and if not in what will she play next fall? A.—We are not yet informed of her plans. Watch the papers.

A. T. H., Stamford, Conn.—Q.—Will you publish an interview with Ethel Barrymore? A.—An interview with Miss Barrymore appeared in this magazine for November, 1902, a criticism of and scenes from "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," in the February number of this year.

A Boston Reader.—Q.—Can a small man with talent succeed in tragedy, and will classic tragedy ever be as successful again as it was in former times? A.—The question of size is not of vital importance in a tragic actor, for there have been notable instances of small tragedians. Naturally, good height is an advantage. As to whether tragedy will be in high favor again, there are always those who do succeed in tragedy, and while it undoubtedly appeals to a somewhat limited audience now, because of the lack of actors able to play tragedy, the chances are that this number may increase, as a rebuff from too much farce and burlesque.

F. McC., Denver, Col.—No addresses given. Consult the New York papers for dealers in autographs.

L. H. J., East Orange, N. J.—Q.—Where can I obtain a copy of any comedy drama, with all stage directions, etc.? A.—When the play is published, from the publisher. If not, sometimes acting editions are given as souvenirs of successful plays. In that case, write to the manager. Q.—What is the custom of compensation, a stipulated sum, or royalties, and who dictates terms? A.—That entirely depends upon the agreement, and save in the case of well-known playwrights, the person accepting the play dictates terms which the playwright is not bound to accept. Q.—Do you know of any book on playwrighting except Hennequin's "The Art of Playwriting"? A.—Yes. Price's "Technique of the Drama." He also conducts a school of playwrighting. See our advertising columns.

C. L. A., Savannah, Ga.—Q.—Can a person aspiring for stage honors secure a hearing from an operatic or dramatic manager during the summer months? A.—Yes, sometimes. Q.—Is it necessary for him to have some practical stage experience? A.—It is a great advantage, not a necessity if one is willing to begin at the bottom.

Miss Obligated.—Q.—Have you ever published a photograph of William J. Kelly? A.—Yes, see our June, 1906, issue.

J. A., Junction City, Kan.—Q.—Does a man have to be talented in music to sing in the chorus? A.—He must have a good voice. Q.—Do they try your voice when applying for a position? A.—They do.

J. I., Philadelphia.—Q.—Have you had an interview with Edna May? A.—Yes, in the November number, 1905.

### The Theatres and Criticism

The legal decision in favor of the managers who combined to exclude from their houses James S. Metcalfe, dramatic critic of *Life*, because his remarks were distasteful to them, may or may not have far reaching results. The theory of the law in regard to criticism in general is that anything offered for public consideration is open to comment.

All criticism not in the main favorable is objectionable to theatrical managers. At times they seem to labor under the delusion that if the newspapers do not betray the fact that their entertainment is not of the first order the public may not immediately find it out. The truth is the other way. The public has frequently and pointedly shown its independence of judgment by going in crowds to see plays that had been mercilessly condemned by the critics, and again by staying away from others which had been warmly recommended.

Theatrical managers are not blind to this fact, and their knowledge of it will probably lead them along the path of moderation in the enjoyment of their privilege of excluding from their houses any critic who does not write to their taste. The real question for them to answer will be not whether the critic has in some one instance condemned a good play, but whether he makes a rule of doing this. Obviously, it would be to the interest of the newspaper as well as the theatres to be rid of such a fellow, and therefore it is not at all likely that the managers will ever be called upon to take action in a case of this kind.

As for the critic who praises bad plays habitually, the managers will offer to him the right hand of fellowship, but his days will not be long in the land of journalism. On the whole, it is likely that in spite of the power placed in the hands of the managers by the decision of the Appellate Judges, criticism of plays and players will continue to be what it has been.—*New York Sun.*

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## Letters to the Editor

Our readers are invited to send in, for publication in  
this department, letters on any theatrical topic likely to  
be of general interest. Communications should be writ-  
ten on one side of the paper only, and not exceed 500  
words. Letters published must be regarded as express-  
ing the personal opinion of each correspondent. The  
Editor does not necessarily endorse the statements made  
and disclaims all responsibility.

### The Philosophy of Ibsen

MASSILLON, OHIO, July 7, 1906.

To the Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE:

The article on Ibsen which appeared on page  
177 of the July THEATRE, and which, as it is un-  
signed, I take to be an expression of editorial  
opinion, seems to me so unfair that I venture to  
remonstrate. I have been a reader of the THEA-  
TRE since the first number appeared, and this is  
the first article to which, allowing for an honest  
difference of opinion, I have taken exception.

It would seem a self-evident fact that, as you  
say, "a cryptic drama is impossible." It is barely  
probable that Ibsen's commentators have done  
more to make his plays obscure than the author  
himself did. But, if one judges of obscurity by  
the number of expository books written about a  
given subject, then Shakespeare's plays must be  
cryptic beyond finite understanding. Why, in the  
first place, is it necessary to premise that Ibsen's  
plays are the outcome, or the explanation, of any  
settled philosophy? A drama is an interpretation  
of life, necessarily, by its limitations, of one  
chosen particular phase of life, and, preferably,  
some phase that contains the elements of univer-  
sality. Life is not all of a piece; how, then, can  
even the dramas of one man be consistent expo-  
nents of a system of philosophy? It is in the  
nature of things that the true drama is the most  
impersonal of artistic achievements; how is it  
possible, then, to deduce Ibsen's personal philos-  
ophy from his plays? Professor Moulton wrote a  
whole volume on "The Moral System of Shake-  
speare" to prove that that dramatist expounded  
none and apparently had none.

You say that Ibsen's characters are not "uni-  
versal"; and cite "Hedda Gabler" as an example.  
Merely because the heroine is neurotic, morbid,  
unpleasant, does she fail to represent the uni-  
versal type of neurotic, morbid and unpleasant wom-  
an? There are American Emma Borary's; Amer-  
ican Becky Sharpe's. Why not American  
Hedda's? Certainly one grants a difference in  
externals, due to *locale*, but no doctor of wide  
experience would admit that Hedda's do not ex-  
ist in every highly civilized country. She, and  
Nora, and Mrs. Alving and the others may not  
be archetypes of a numerous class of women—but  
the class undoubtedly exists. There are Brand's  
in this, our Puritan-founded country; men like  
Helmer abound; Peer Gynt is a universal type  
translated into poetry. The Lady From the Sea  
might have looked out over the Mediterranean  
quite as well as over the fjords of the North. If  
there is one thing that Ibsen is not, it is provin-  
cial, in his dealings with human nature *quæ* hu-  
man nature. As well say that his characters are  
limited to their environment as that Romeo and  
Juliet, because they chanced to live and die in  
Italy, are not of as universal a fibre as though  
their names had been Algernon and Lucy, or  
Karl and Gretchen, or even 'Arry and 'Arriet!

The great dramatic poem, the Book of Job, is  
not more conclusive than "Ghosts"; but it is rather  
effective.

It must, of course, be granted that Ibsen dwelt  
on "selfishness, greed, infidelity, treachery of  
friendship, domestic unhappiness," as you say;  
this may not be all of life, but it is a part of it,  
and has the THEATRE wholly abrogated old Aris-  
totle's theory of "Katharsis"?

ANNE PEACOCK.

### An Appreciative Reader

To the Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I have been a reader of your magazine, the  
THEATRE, for several years; but I take this op-  
portunity, for the first time, to express my sin-  
cere appreciation for the article in this month's  
issue, entitled "Frank Mayo, the Man and the  
Artist," by W. A. Lewis. Words are inadequate  
to express with what pleasure I read this article.  
While I have been entertained with many good  
things in your magazine, I deem this one of the  
most interesting.

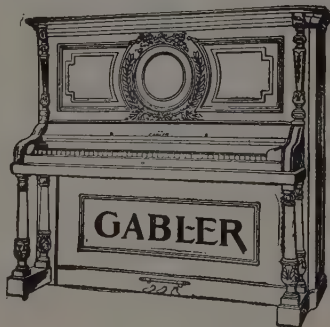
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phia Item.*

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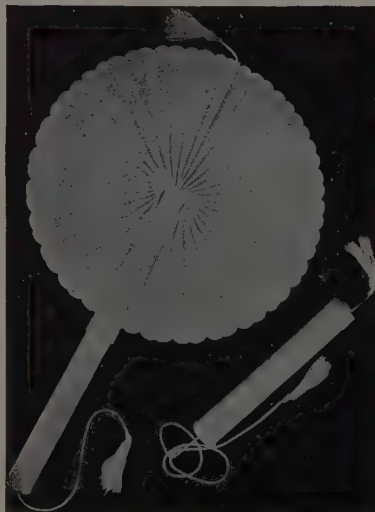
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## Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay

That the quaint poetic comedy of the Elizabethans possessed charm and vigor has been demonstrated anew by an interesting revival of Robert Green's "Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay," at the University of Illinois. The recent production of this play, at the Walker Opera House, Champaign, was, so far as known, the first performance since the days of Shakespeare.

"Frier Bacon" has been pronounced by A. W. Ward to be "one of the most fascinating products of our old dramatic literature," and it is interesting to note the features which proved really capable of arousing the enthusiasm of a modern audience. The producers found it advisable to cut the old text of 1594 to about three-quarters



THE BRAZEN HEAD

of its original length, but no one of the sixteen scenes was omitted. The first scene proved an admirable vehicle for securing atmosphere; the fervent declarations of the love-lorn prince and the witty raillery of his followers, struck the keynote of joviality at once. In the second scene the discomfiture of Burden, the pompous Oxford doctor, was rich in comedy effects. Scene three introduced Margaret, "the Fayre Mayde of Fressingfield," perhaps the most interesting heroine in the pre-Shakespearean drama. In a dainty pastoral vein the love story began to unfold, a sort of old-fashioned "wooing of Miles Standish," with the country comies to add a spice of contrast. Court pageantry and a jolly bit of buffoonery carried the next two scenes, and the act ended with the curious magic mirror episode. The staging of this scene offered a problem. Frier Bacon, by means of his "prospective glass," reveals to Prince Edward the trusted Lacie as he woos and wins Margaret, not for his prince, but for himself. Professor Gayley has called it a "scene beside a scene," and the action which the mirror reveals was probably represented on the balcony of the Elizabethan stage. In this production, however, it was played on the front stage, while the glass into which the prince was gazing was placed on a platform at the extreme rear of Bacon's study. The program briefly explained the device, and the scene made itself clear and effective. The revelling antics of those capital clowns, Miles and Raphe, opened the third act, and in strong contrast was the melodramatic quarrel and reconciliation between Lacie and the prince, in which the coquettish Margaret developed such spirit and devotion. This semi-tragic scene was followed by the grotesque conjuring match, which perhaps seems more distinctly ancient than anything else in the play. It may be questioned whether there is in the older drama a better acting scene than the "Brazen Head" episode, which opens the fourth act. It is intense, alive with sharply contrasted effects and rises through clownish comedy to a climax in which tragic despair and serio-comic bravado are curiously blended. The bizarre utterances of the great bronze head, with the attendant phenomena, instead of marring the effect, strongly accentuated the situation. Indeed, no Elizabethan audience could have accepted the scene with more sincere enthusiasm. The remaining scenes were carried off with spirit and held the audience until the final curtain, partly by their episodic variety, but in great degree by the working out of the story itself.

A very definite share of credit for the play's success belongs to the cast, and in particular to A. J. Carter as Bacon, E. Q. Snyder as Miles and Miss Lois Clendenin as Margaret.

F. W. Scott was the manager of the production and T. H. Guild staged the play.

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## New Dramatic Books

THE GREEN ROOM BOOK, OR WHO'S WHO ON THE STAGE. Edited by Bampton Hunt. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

This is an exceedingly useful little book and may be said to fill a long-felt want—as far as the English stage is concerned. Although the volume bears the imprint of a New York and London publishing house, and the introduction informs us that it contains biographies of "the principal artists, dramatists and managers of the United Kingdom, America and the Continent," it is practically exclusively devoted to the English stage. What it does embrace of the American stage is so meagre and sometimes so misleading that it can have little value as a book of reference. For example, it refers to Ada Rehan as America's leading actress, and contains no mention of Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlowe, or Maude Adams. It contains biographies of Messrs. Porto Riche and Richepin, the French dramatists, but ignores completely our Bronson Howard, Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, David Belasco and Charles Klein. Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Crane and Charles Frohman come in for a mention, but on the other hand David Warfield, William Gillette, Otis Skinner, E. H. Sothern, Klaw and Erlanger, Heinrich Conried and Henry W. Savage are neglected altogether. It seems a pity that a little trouble was not taken to make the book more complete to the extent of including at least the more important of the theatrical people of the English-speaking stage.

MOZART: THE MAN AND THE ARTIST, as revealed in his own words; compiled and annotated by Friedrich Kerst; edited and translated by Henry Edw. Krehbiel. New York: B. W. Huebsch, \$1.00 net.

The publisher's note cannot be improved upon as a summing up of the peculiar charm and distinctive value of this little book. "The unique personality of Mozart is revealed more effectively in these selected and classified quotations from his own pen than would be possible in the most painstaking study, by another, of the light-hearted genius. His filial devotion, joyous love-making, high-spirited protest against the degradation of his profession, and profound loyalty to the faith in which he was reared, are all set forth with an ingenuousness and impetuosity that re-create for us this absolutely charming musical conjurer." The passages that are given from Mozart's own letters, the quotations from letters or utterances of those intimate with him, and the explanatory notes of Mr. Krehbiel, unite in making a little volume that brings us as close to the life of the musician as possible. In fact, we know of no book of its size that gives one more of a feeling of intimate acquaintance with a man of genius. It is so vivid and authentic, that as slight as this acquaintance may be, the impression of the man is made perfect. You see him not as a public character, but as an individual. The remarkable peculiarity of the writings and sayings of really great men is the persistent verity of it all. His views of life, as they relate to his actual experiences and emotions are in perfect proportion and expressed with a lucidity and saneness that make them eternally modern. This is all the more remarkable, as one of the proofs of his genius is that he died at the age of 36. His criticisms, both musical and dramatic, reveal his unflinching mastery of technique. Of a certain symphony submitted to him by an unnamed nobleman, he says: "The themes pleased me most in the symphony; yet it will be the least effective, for there is too much in it, and a fragmentary performance of it sounds like an ant hill looks—that is, as if the devil had been turned loose in it." There are many such criticisms that are convincingly and unerringly to the point. It is not in his nature to be ascetic, and all that he says is as often generous as it is biting truthfulness. The simplicity of his style gives a literary quality of the highest order to his letters, which are so brief as to make us wish to have more, any amount of such vivid material.

BEETHOVEN: THE MAN AND THE ARTIST, as revealed in his own words. Compiled and annotated by Friedrich Kerst; edited and translated by Henry Edw. Krehbiel. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

This book of one hundred and ten pages is exactly what its title announces. Mr. Kerst made admirable selections from Beethoven's writings and sayings, adding brief and clear introductions to each chapter, while Mr. Krehbiel furnished a good translation and judicious comments and notes. Strong lights are thrown on the master; he is brought more directly before the reader

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than by a more diffuse biography. The selections tell their own story in the right order with cumulative interest. The chapters deal with Art, Love of Nature, Text, Composing, Performing Music, His Own Words, Art and Artists, Beethoven as a Critic, Education, Disposition and Character, The Sufferer, Worldly Wisdom and God.

"Beethoven," will increase admiration as much for the man as for the artist. While the details of the master's methods of composition, his glorification of art, his wise and kindly comments on other composers are important, that which will likely interest most is the revelation of Beethoven's character. The story told in his own words of the battle he fought with himself under the approach of his terrible trial of oncoming deafness, the consolation he sought in God and his final submissiveness, is almost without parallel. But in all chapters it is the Titan of music speaking out of his heart and all is interesting. The public, which knows only of Beethoven as a master composer, will find a giant who thought profoundly.

"The world is a king, and like a king desires flattery in return for favor; but true art is selfish and perverse—it will not submit to the mould of flattery."

"Do not practice art alone, but penetrate to her heart; she deserves it, for art and science only can raise man to godhead."

"Almighty One, in the words I am blessed. Every tree speaks through Thee."

"My miserable hearing does not trouble me here. In the country it seems as if every tree said to me 'Holy, holy.'"

"My dear boy, the startling effects which many credit to the natural genius of the composer are often achieved with the greatest ease by the use and resolution of the diminished seventh chords."

"I always have a picture in mind when composing and follow its lines."

"I must live alone. But well I know that God is nearer to me than to the others of my art; I associate with Him without fear, and I have no fear for my music; it can meet no evil fate."

"Handel is the greatest composer that ever lived. I would uncover my head and kneel on his grave."

"I have always reckoned myself among the greatest admirers of Mozart, and shall do so till the day of my death."

"Among all the composers alive Cherubini is the most worthy of respect."

"I know no more sacred duty than to rear and educate a child."

LADY BALTIMORE. A novel by Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company. Cloth, \$1.50.

Owen Wister is well known as the author of "The Virginian," a story which was made with a very successful play, and it is not unlikely that "Lady Baltimore" will also find its way to the boards. The scene of the new novel, however, is as far from the open plains for which the public looks in a novel by the author of "The Virginian," as can well be imagined. Wherefore comes an added delight in the surprise of finding one's self let into another bit of American life, just as genuine, and quite as alive. Instead of rollicking cowboys riding half a day to meet a "schoolmarm" at a dance, one meets a young and imprudent hero surrounded with delightful women, old and young, to this hero's extreme peril.

A Southern woman says of it: "Lady Baltimore" is the most engaging story yet written of southern life. It is the quiet annals of an old southern town told in the half whimsical, wholly sympathetic style of 'Cranford,' to which it is closely akin in charm. It reminds one, too, of Margaret Deland's admirable 'Old Chester Tales,' for it is written with the same loving appreciation of a simple neighborhood. With what a sense of humor, with what a delicacy of touch, with what a finished skill Owen Wister has made an exquisite picture you must read to see. It is like a dainty water color portrait, delicious in itself even if it were not true; but to its truth there will rise up a crowd of witnesses. I am ready to venture that any southern man or woman who reads it will stop often, with finger between the leaves, to say, 'Ain't it so! This is exactly the way it is back home. This is us.' I am willing to venture that any man or woman, whether of the North or of the South, who reads this story will pay a willing tribute to its charm and to the perfection of the art with which it is told. . . . It might have happened in any one of dozens of the old towns back home; the people in it are unmistakably us, and we owe Owen Wister a pleasant debt for showing us to ourselves and others in such a graceful way."

### Books Received

The Poisoners, a tragedy, by Edwin Sauter. St. Louis, 1906.

The City That Was, a Requiem of old San Francisco, by Will Irwin. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Conston, a novel by Winston Churchill. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.



## Maxims of the Stage

Compiled and Translated by Fred F. Schrader

The laws of each art are convertible into those of every other.—*Emerson*.

Action is the very soul of the drama—that which makes it a drama.—*Ulrici*.

Unimaginative reading is fatal so often to the spirit of (dramatic) poetry.—*Henry Reed*.

The Medea of the old dramatists is, in spite of all her crimes, a great and wondrous woman.—*Schiller*.

All common exhibitions open lie,  
For praise or censure, to the common eye.  
—*Churchill*.

We ought not to consider excellence in the technical arrangement of incidents as a certain proof of the highest order of art.—*Bulwer*.

It is the course of mortal things that the good should be shadowed by the bad, and virtue shines the brightest when contrasted with vice.—*Schiller*.

That alone is inconceivable which contradicts itself. The improbable is not that which lacks truth, but that which lacks the appearance of truth.—*Ulrici*.

It is groundless assumption that among other purposes of the theatre is the commemoration of great men. This is the function of history, but not of the stage.—*Lessing*.

Not beauty, not presence. When a woman is very beautiful, so that her features are classic, she has never felt any great emotion; even as a girl she had no heart.—*Belasco*.

A complete criticism will not limit itself to description or interpretation. It will seek to estimate, to bring out the relative or absolute value of the thing.—*John Burroughs*.

Neither to weep nor to laugh, neither to admire nor to despise, but to understand, are the characteristics of the scientific mind (and hence of the critical mind), according to Spinoza.

On the stage some consciousness that everything is not as literally meant as it seems—that symbols of humanity, and not actual men and women, are before you—saves the play.—*North*.

A true actor will show you many different persons, but in one respect they will be the same—and ought to be the same—in the pervasive and dominant attribute of his own genius.—*William Winter*.

An actor need not to have done a murder in order to be qualified to impersonate a murder. Yet, in his imagination, he must be capable of the feeling that accompanies the crime, while in his temperament he must be consonant with that feeling.—*William Winter*.

I don't, as an artist, acknowledge the existence of what is popularly and erroneously called a happy ending. When you say happy ending, you mean, I presume, as most do, marriage. Well, isn't marriage often an unhappy beginning instead of a happy ending?—*Israel Zangwill*.

Save in two or three instances, where he seems to defy his own visions, and to jeer at them, the dramas of Ibsen are crises of conscience historic of revolt, and struggles toward moral enfranchisement. That which he preaches or dreams is the love of truth, the hatred of falsehood.—*Jules Lemaitre*.

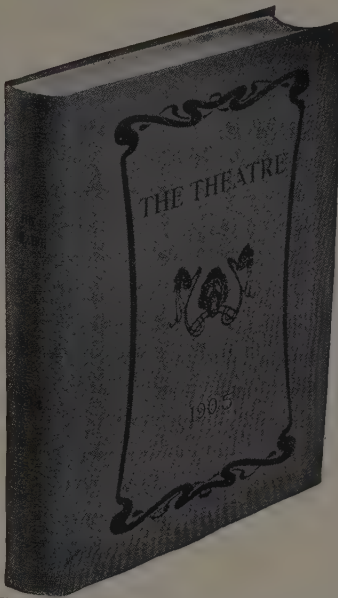
To arrange a piece in such a form that it admits of being easily and conveniently represented without losing its effect in the representation depends chiefly upon the drama itself being drastic; i. e., developing a living, rapid, and also externally visible action, hence that something is really accomplished on the stage, and that the persons do not merely—as the proverb has it—speak like books.—*Ulrici*.

In a certain sense of the word, all representations of passion in fiction may be considered typical. In Juliet it is not the picture of love solely and abstractedly; it is the picture of love in its fullest effect on youth. In Antony it is love as wild, as frantic, and as self-sacrificing; but it is love, not emanating from the enthusiasm of youth, but already touched with some of the blindness and infirmity of dotage.—*Bulwer*.

Aristotle long ago decided to what extent the tragic poet is to be governed by historic truth—no farther than that it shall resemble a well-developed fable, with which he may combine his purpose. He draws on history, not because it happened, but because it happened in such manner that he could scarcely have invented it better for his present purpose. If he finds this availability in a real case, the real case is welcome to him; but to ransack the pages of history for one is a waste of time.—*Lessing*.

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# The Theatre Everywhere

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

**Albany, N. Y., July 10.**—Hot weather theatricals do not seem to be in demand in Albany this summer, so that Proctor's with its airy vaudeville, is the only theatre doing business, and patrons seem to like the change from summer stock. Manager Williams will fire the season's first gun on August 8th, when Dockstader's Minstrels will open the Empire. The season promises to be a brilliant one.  
WILLIAM H. HASKELL.

**Atlanta, Ga., July 9.**—Verily this is the season of the parks. The theatres in town are closed for the heated term and the pleasure-seekers throng the summer resorts to see the various amusement devices and get a breath of fresh air. Ponce de Leon is at present Atlanta's chief playground and offers many attractions of real merit. The Casino has proffered some good vaudeville bills and a few musical comedies. Dainty Mary Marble and Little Chip in "Gloriana," and "The Night of the Fourth," drew capacity business for two weeks. They are great favorites here and always receive a cordial greeting. Max Hoffman's company was also liked by a great many. Next season we will have a new park—"Wonderland"—which promises to be the most elaborate and costly outdoor mid-summer resort in the south. Work has already begun and the park will be ready for opening early next season. Work will begin shortly on the new Bijou Theatre to be erected for Jake Wells, and it is hoped to have the Schubert house ready for opening by the first of December. A splendid line of attractions have been booked for the Grand for the coming season, which opens in the early fall.  
D. E. MOOREFIELD.

**Bay City, Mich., July 9.**—Washington Theatre will be dark until August 12th. The manager, Mr. W. J. Daunt, goes to New York some time this week to book attractions for the coming season. The new Eldorado, which is not yet completed, will be opened some time in August. At Wenona Beach Park Casino, Miss Ruth White, late star of "The Tenderfoot" and "Burgomaster," and her eight kangaroo girls, are playing to capacity. Among others on the bill for week of July 8th are Gardner & Revere, The Heumanns, The Marvelous Roode, and the Two DeLacys.  
WILL J. MOZEAUOUS.

**Boston, Mass., July 9.**—John Craig, an actor whose popularity here is of long standing, has taken the Globe Theatre for the summer and is appearing at the head of his own stock company. The closing of the Empire leaves this the only theatre presenting legitimate drama. The Castle Square continues with light opera, with a weekly change of bill. "The Tourists" at the Majestic, and "The Man from Now" at the Tremont, are very popular and will remain several weeks longer, the former going to New York early in the autumn and "The Man from Now" late in August.  
HETTIE GRAY BAKER.

**Bridgeport, Conn., July 9.**—Liggett have been out at Smith's theatre since May 21, but will open on its tenth season, refitted from dome to doorway, August 13, with Lew Dockstader's minstrels. Mr. Smith has completed his bookings for the season '06-'07, which includes nearly all of the Metropolitan successes. At Poli's, summer stock is drawing good houses for this time of the year.  
ROBERT M. SPERRY.

**Buffalo, N. Y., July 9.**—Buffalo is enjoying one of the best Summer Stock seasons in the Jessie Bonstelle Stock Co., that has ever been seen here. A better class of plays has never been produced by a stock company in this city. Miss Bonstelle opened her season with the "Unforeseen." Since then she has given such plays as "Dorothy Vernon," "Imprudence," "Mistress Nell," "The Girl with the Green Eyes," and "Miss Hobbs." Miss Bonstelle came to Buffalo a stranger, but her great versatility and pleasing manner soon won the hearts of the theatregoers and made her a great favorite here.  
ARTHUR J. HEIMLICH.

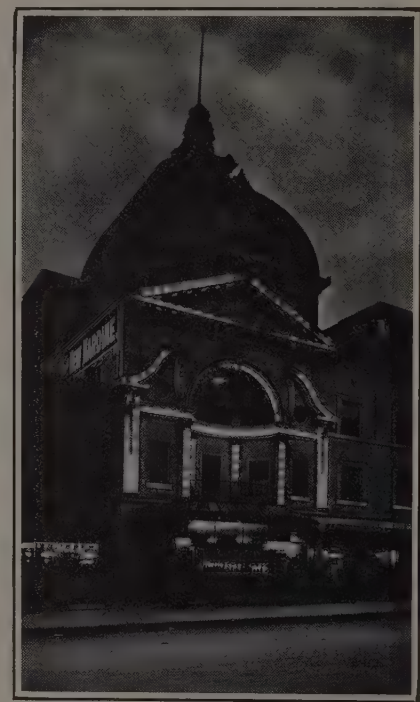
**Charleston, S. C., July 12.**—Resident Manager Charles R. Matthews, of the Academy of Music, owned by Albert Weis, of New York City, is receiving contracts for attractions for the approaching season 1906-'07. The indications are that Charleston theatre-patrons will be given opportunity of witnessing many sterling attractions and some of the leading stars of the theatre on the American stage. The usual number of popular-priced repertoire companies will be sandwiched between the high class productions. Mr. Matthews already has affairs in shape for the opening of the season; his staff of house attaches has been selected, insuring excellence of this feature. Among early attractions will be a Gilmore in his new college play, "At Yale," in which a reproduction of the Yale-Harvard varsity race is promised; Clay Clement in "Sam Houston"; Thomas Dixon, Jr.'s, "The Clansman"; the everlasting "McFadden's Row of Flats," and the equally profitable "Devil's Auction," and "The Black Crook." Charleston had a highly profitable season of 1905-'06 and producing managers are appreciative of this.  
T. GLOVER ALSTON.

**Chicago, Ill., July 9.**—Business has picked up tremendously, and the theatres are as well patronized as in mid-winter. The Studebaker is dark, but the rest are enjoying all-summer runs to unprecedented patronage at this season. "Told in the Hills," by Marah Ellis Ryan, opened June 25, and has scored a financial success. It is an awkward play dealing crudely with splendid material, still it affords a good rôle for Edwin Arden, who has won a personal triumph. Henry T. Woodruff in "Brown of Harvard," at the Garrick, has captivated the younger play-going element and too many matinees cannot be crowded into the week. The play has pleased Woodruff's large and loyal local following. "The Alcyone" at the Grand contains some novelties and an excellent cast. It is James K. Hackett's first venture as a comic opera manager. "The Clansman" at McVicker's seems to be a sensational hit, and is playing to a sold-out house every night. It remains until the opening of the regular season with Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Mizpah." "The Lion and the Mouse" continues to crowd the Illinois.  
L. FRANCE PIERCE.

**Evansville, Ind., July 10.**—The managers of the local parks are wearing broad smiles of satisfaction on account of the excellent business they have been doing. Theatrical matters are quiet indeed at the present time. The People's Theatre is being redecorated and remodelled inside and out. This house will open the first part of August with the Wayne Stock Co. This stock company will be permanently established here and will be in charge of Robert Wayne of Owensboro, Ky.  
ROBERT L. ODELL.

**Hartford, Conn., July 10.**—This is the last week but one of the highly successful summer stock at Parson's. The novelty of the season at this house came July 2 in the shape of a comedy drama entitled, "The Duke and the Dancer," by Charlotte Thompson, who is also responsible for "The Strength of the Weak," Julia Dean made the most of a good acting part, but the play was incoherent and badly constructed and failed to interest. This was the first presentation of the piece on any stage. The company at Poli's Theatre presented "The Belle of Richmond" last week, and this week "Friends" is the bill.  
WOODWARD BARRETT.

**Mahanoy City, Pa., July 5.**—Woodland Park, the most popular resort in the southern anthracite regions, is making a record for itself in both attractions and attendance this season. Reiley's Military Band is giving concerts afternoon and evening to appreciative audiences. The Vaudeville Theatre, giving performances afternoon and evening, is doing excellent business. Toki, wire-



The Orpheum, Denver's new vaudeville theatre

walker and foot-juggler; Mr. and Mrs. Bragand in their comedy sketch, "Maze from Chicago," and Gus Edward's Postal Telegraph Boys, drew big audiences last week.  
SYLVIAN R. LIVINGSTONE.

**Memphis, Tenn., July 7.**—Memphis is now enjoying summer amusement at two parks. Vaudeville at East End and light dramas at Fairland. Miss Adelaide Warren has been succeeded as leading lady at Fairland by Miss Lucia Moore, owing to the illness of the former. Col. Jno. D. Hopkins has renewed his lease on East End Park for ten years and has also renewed his lease on the Grand Opera House for five years.  
EDW. F. GOLDSMITH.

**Minneapolis, Minn., July 6.**—The Ferris Stock at the Metropolitan has been doing very well. With such plays as "Joan of Arc," "The Sorceress," and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," the appeal to the playgoers has been strong. Ralph Stuart closes his long season on July 14. He will take his "At the Rainbow's End" on the road next year under A. W. Dingwall's direction. August 12 the Fawcett company comes to the Bijou for a lengthy engagement. The auditorium will not be an active competitor in the theatrical life of next season, as the company owning it have decided not to make sufficient changes to make it suitable as a theatre. It is a pity that it is so far from the centre of the city, and it does not seem probable that any company would care to rent the place for a few performances. The parks are doing record-breaking business.  
JACOB WILK.

**New Orleans, La., July 4, 1906.**—The only place of amusement at the present time that affords pleasure to the great number of people that still remain in the city, is West End, swept by the cool breezes of Lake Pontchartrain, and nightly crowded by the lovers of music. The two theatres in course of erection are expected to be completed by the first of September. One will be occupied by the Baldwin-Melville Stock Co., and the other, as it is said, has been leased by the Shuberts, who will conduct two theatres here. They have already leased the Lyric, and in this place they will have a first-class stock company.  
GUS A. LAMBIAS.

**Oakland, Cal., July 10.**—All the theatres in this city are enjoying a most liberal patronage, being crowded every night. Iodora Park Theatre is drawing large crowds, and the pretty little theatre is taxed to its utmost capacity. Last month they have presented "The Mikado," "The Masque," "Olivette," and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Hope Mayne in the leading rôle is supported by an excellent cast. Katherine Grey in "Mizpah" has held the boards at the Ye Liberty for the past two weeks. Franklin Underwood in the "Christian" is drawing good houses this week. At the

McDonough the Elleford Co. in repertoire proved to be a paying attraction. Both the Bell and the Novelty (vaudeville) are putting on five shows a day to accommodate the crowds.  
Geo. A. HUGHES.

**Portland, Ore., July 8, 1906.**—The only road attraction appearing here during the past month was Henrietta Crossman in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary." Both play and star pleased immensely. The Baker Stock Co. has given us "The Eternal City," "When We Were Twenty-one," "Madame Sans-Gêne," and Rip Van Winkle, to capacity houses. At the Heiler, the Kendall Musical Co. has given "The Rounders," "Said Pasha" and "Vang" to enthusiastic audiences. Manager Geo. L. Baker was pleasantly surprised a short time ago by the gift of a handsome watch from Lillian Lawrence, leading woman, and John Sainpolis, heavy, of the Baker Stock Co.  
GEORGE ELDRIDGE HIGGINS.

**Portsmouth, Ohio, July 10.**—Alma Chester, the leading woman of the Stock Company at the Casino, Millbrook Park, will rest for a couple of months before taking the road. The Casino is the only playhouse now open, Mgr. James F. Bahin having closed the Orpheum last week. He has had a very successful season. Mgr. Fred G. Higley, of the Casino, is a very busy man these days. In addition to managing his stock company he is looking after the renovating of the Grand Opera House, which he will open the middle of August with John W. Vogel's Minstrels.  
ROY McELHANEY.

**Pueblo, Col., July 10.**—During the hot weather the people depend on a suburban park for their amusement. A New York stock company is putting on a varied repertoire of plays ranging from "The Christian" to "Deadwood Dick." Quite a number of good outdoor attractions, including Liberatti's band, have also been given. This mile-high atmosphere is full of talk of new houses. Pelton & Smutzer, of Denver, will probably build a popular-priced house at once and have it ready to open early next fall.  
SWEENEY.

**St. Paul, Minn., July 7.**—The Geo. Fawcett Company opened the summer stock season at the Grand June 17th, with "Friends." The company is an excellent one and their first play proved popular. A Social Highwayman followed with equal success, and their latest effort, "The Cowboy and the Lady," has sustained the reputation they first established. Theatrical affairs are at a low ebb just now, and this state of affairs will probably continue until the opening of the regular season late in August.  
HOWARD A. TREAT.

**Tacoma, Wash., July 2.**—Nat C. Goodwin's production of "The Genius" was attended by one of the largest and most fashionable audiences of the supplemental season at the Tacoma Theatre. Henrietta Crossman in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," delighted a large number of Tacomans and visiting parties from neighboring towns on July 4. The Brandon Players, in "Our American Heroes," and the Allen Stock Company in "White Squadron," have both made a happy choice, patriotism being the theme of the offerings for the coming week.  
F. KIRBY HASKELL.

**Tamaqua, Pa., July 5.**—The summer season at Manila Grove Park is in full sway. The Park Theatre has been drawing immense crowds, and July 4th has broken all records for attendance. The Bijou Minstrels are occupying the board this week and are provoking great mirth and laughter in their new comedy and vaudeville.  
SYLVIAN R. LIVINGSTONE.

**Toledo, O., July 10.**—Saturday evening the Vaughn Glaser Stock Company gives its final performance at the Casino, closing a very successful four weeks' run of light comedy. "What Happened to Jones," "All on Account of Eliza," "The Man from Mexico," and "The Man from the Funny" plays which afforded much amusement to large audiences during their engagement. Owing to the popularity of Mr. Glaser and Miss Fay Courtenay in this city they will be welcomed back in the fall when they will again be seen in a short season of stock before going on the road. Next week they will begin an engagement in Columbus, The Kelties will be the next to appear at the Casino, to be followed by Grace Van Studdiford as a vaudeville artist. Charlotte Townsend, a favorite with Toledo theatregoers, will play here later in the season. The Farm continues to be a popular summer playhouse and owing to its good vaudeville programs and the favorable weather it has been well patronized. It is said that burlesque will be played at the Arcade next season and vaudeville at the Empire.  
RAY CARMEN WEST.

**Topeka, Kan., July 5.**—From now on the summer parks will hold the boards, and the theatregoers will look to these resorts for their summer amusements. Vinewood Park is the centre of attraction at the present time. It offers so many different kinds of amusements that the public take to this resort readily. The theatre at this park has at no time been a success. Why it is hard to state, unless that the ten-cent car fare has something to do with it. Stock is the ruling feature at the Air-Dome. Miss Laure Buchanan Stock Co. are holding the boards at this popular resort.  
LOUIS H. FRIEDMAN.

**Winnipeg, Can., July 7.**—The hot summer weather seems to have somewhat depressed our theatregoers so that very few shows have come to the "Winnipeg" lately. The Roscian Opera Co. played a week here of light opera to fair business. The Messenger for Mars' good houses for three nights and matinee. The "Dominion" Theatre has closed down for repairs, but our other three vaudeville houses are doing good business in spite of the heat.  
E. MACGACHEN.

**Worcester, Mass., July 10.**—All the theatres are dark except Poli's, where a stock company is playing. However, the Hunter & Bradford New York Players are to open the Worcester Theatre for the weeks of July 23d and July 30th, giving two plays a week. J. V. Gorman Opera Co. are playing at the open-air theatre at Lincoln Park, Lake Quinagiamond, to fair business.  
F. N. DRURY.

**Zanesville, Ohio, July 11.**—Aside from vaudeville at the Park, there is "nothing doing" in theatrical matters here now. Extensive remodeling is going on at the Weller Theatre and Manager England reports that from the present outlook from the booking standpoint, the coming season will be a very successful one. In all probability there will be two theatres running here as the old Schultze Opera House is being overhauled and many new and up-to-date fixtures, such as asbestos drop and exit safety devices are being installed. The season of 1906-'07 will open August 19th.  
A. H. LEVY.



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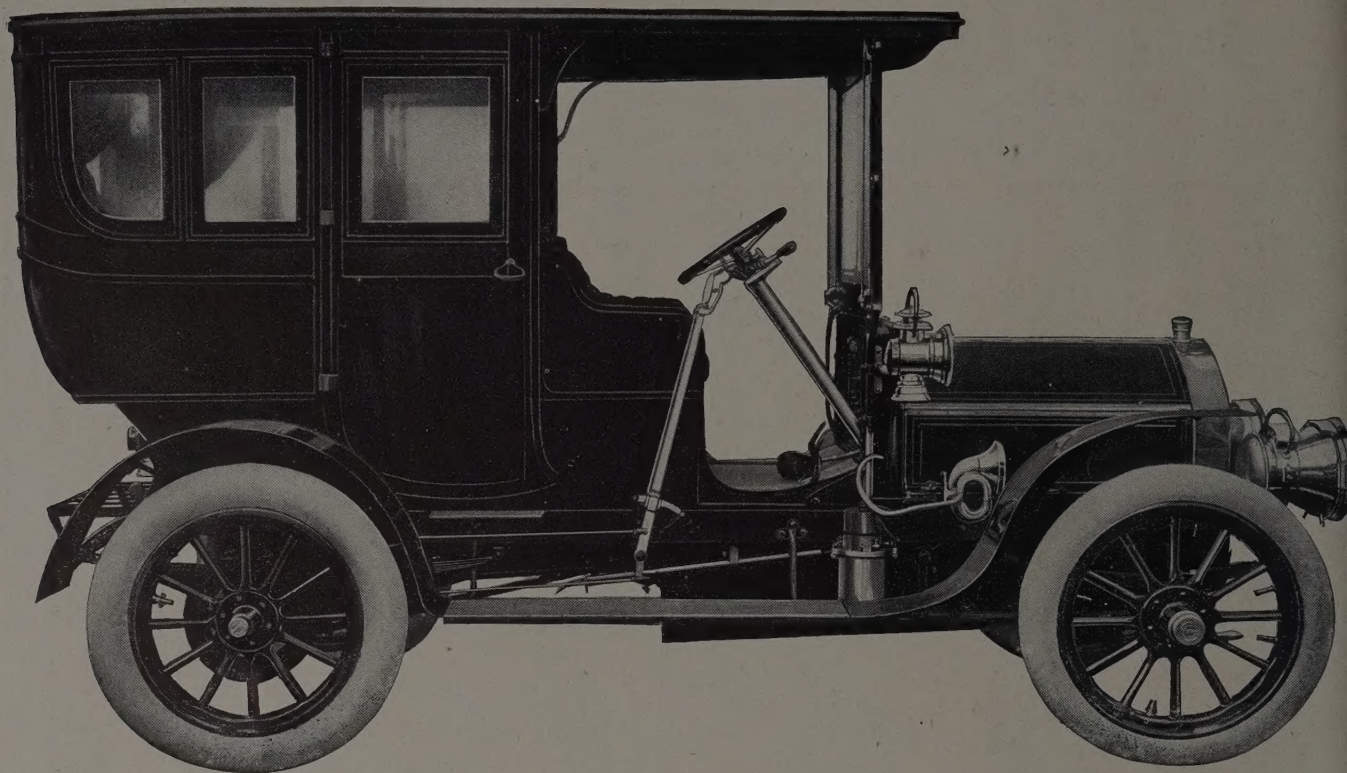


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